Waves

KFJC

SPRING '84
ISSUE

free

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WAVES is published quarterly by the staff of KFJC-FM. All publication and mailing costs are financed by the sale of the advertising herein, and are not subsidized by Foothill College.

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Station Manager
–R.E. Zepernick II–

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–Jim McCutchen
Program Director

Letter to the Editor

To Waves:

Let me remind you this is 1984 people will be voting some will not TV influences some minds or heads no minds do not put TV reviews in Waves please that is lame requires promotes zero attitude towardinformative educationalism henry kissinger knows who runed the country it is not raygun maybe bush more likely yes the pentagon remember McCloys folly well the military tells everyone you know over fifty percent of our taxes April 15 go to the military Music is great even better when the band musicians say for instance We've got a bigger problem now kinky sex makes world go round Danny detroit said in London they well some love the dead kennedys one shop had a whole wall covered with stuff now bunko Tower does not do this never will etc so you able to see the punk hardcore movement of music politics ya thrash skank bop now bush was almost president he is hardcore trained to lie by the CIA whipping boy of National Security Agency Department of Defence is CIA Waves really ought to include reviews of pertinent information antifascist exposes articles reprinted no useless information like TV reviews sorry Lucky but do you TV reviews on over the edge I MEAN ALL OVER THE WORLD WESTERN CIVILIZATION Music politics do go together KFJC is a trend bad word setter Start a new wave of information designed to make people think cry think laugh think speak think write think think I'm sorry I WROTE THIS WITHOUT ANY PUNCTUATION I'M SORRY IF WAVES DOES NOT CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

Love, hob'o'bob'o son aka Robert Rowland.

—aka Robert Rowland

Congratulations Ted & Denise on their marriage.

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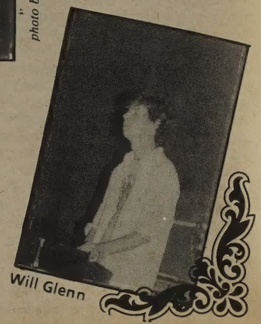
L.A. Boheme: The RAIN PARADE

Matthew Piucci

Eddie Kalwa

photo by Alex Crovetto

Steve Roback



Will Glenn

"Fashion is fascism. Style is originality," said Lester Bangs, late rock critic for Rolling Stone magazine. "The two are unalterably opposed.

The Rain Parade and the Three O'Clock are bands that play music that is decidedly out of fashion. While the popular trend of 1984 is slick, syntho-pop, and even hardcore has surfaced as a popular anti-popular stance, psychedelic music like that of the Rain Parade, the Three O'Clock and other Los Angeles based "Paisley Underground" bands is virtually being ignored by both the radio and mainstream press. As Will Glenn, keyboardist for the Rain Parade, puts it: "Rock is like the school playground. It's essentially conformist. There are waves of fashion that tend to crush everything different from it."

The Rain Parade and the Three O'Clock are in no immediate danger of being crushed, as they fight back with their different interpretations of neo-psychedelia. Their recent shows in the Bay Area proved that their music has a fairly large and highly receptive audience. Neo-psychedelia may not be fashionable now, but bands like these are definitely original and stylish.

By Gina Arnold and Isabelle Sikes

Los Angeles Herald critic Mikal Gilmore called "Emergency Third Rail Power Trip," the debut album by the Rain Parade, "a work that invokes its own transforming, brooding mood without sacrificing the accessibility of pop." Indeed, the slow, dreamy quality of the Rain Parade's music is more than reminiscent of the most vividly psychedelic bands of the 60's; and in so being seems strangely anachronistic compared to much of the current, high energy music emerging from the cutting edge of rock. Yet, the Rain Parade is the cutting edge in that they play music that can only be termed Art Rock: self-conscious without being self-indulgent or cliched.

The Rain Parade was formed three years ago by David Roback and Matthew Piucci. "I knew David for a long time," says Matthew, "and of course he'd known Steven (Roback, David's younger brother and bass player for the band) for quite some time too." Roback and Piucci met Glenn through a friend. At the time, Glenn was living on the East Coast. He came to L.A. to join the band, starting out on bass. The arrangement didn't last long. "We didn't know what to do with him," says Matthew. "He played bass like [illegible] but then we found out he could play keyboards. Will's great, he's not some rock'n'roll geek who knows more about how to comb his hair and put on make up than how to play."

The current lineup for the band is Steven Roback, bass and vocals, Matthew Piucci, guitar and vocals, Will Glenn, keyboards, and Eddie Kalwa, drums. The music they play is an almost purist version of 60's psychedelia, although Steven says, "I think the term revisionist is more accurate than (the term) revivalist."

"The listener is the one who loses when they adopt that really narrow minded view of what our music is about," adds Matthew. "We like that kind of music, (psychedelia); we take it to our hearts, but that's not unique. Our influences come from all kinds of music."

Listening to "Emergency Third Rail Power Trip," the Rain Parade's debut LP, one might think that these boys had been brought up on a diet of Love, Pink Floyd the Move, and LSD, but apparantly not so. Among their other influences they cite Television, Talking Heads, Roxy Music, Stravinsky, Debussy and their friends in the Paisley scene.

"We don't write music about the same things people wrote about (in the 60's)," says Matthew.

"A song like 'Incense and Peppermints' by the Strawberry Alarm Clock," adds Will, "is like, psychedelic equals happy. Well, our revision is that psychedelic doesn't necessarily mean happy. Not that we're trying to be psychedelic!"

"Not that we're trying NOT to be happy," adds Matt.

What Nathanael West called "A Sargasso of dreams, a dream dump," is what the Rain Parade call inspiring!

"Or trying NOT to be psychedelic,' Steven chimes in, "OR happy."

Steven claims that most of the Rain Parade's detractors are the real hardcore psychedelic fans. "It's ironic that the people who damn us the most for being like psychedelic bands are actually people who love those bands so much. Their idolization is so complete that they compare us to them," he says.

"We're always flattered when people who don't seem like they fit in that well like us. I'm glad we have that kind of wide appeal," says Matt.

"Audiences are pretty fair," Will comments. "When we're good, they'll let us know. It's rare that we play a good show that they haven't liked us. We've done [illegible] shows and thev haven't liked us, and we deserved it!"

"Yeah, does the fact that Hinckley shot Reagan mean that the whole country doesn't like his foreign policy? Does the fact that one [illegible] yells 'you [illegible]' mean that the whole audience hates us?" asks Matthew.

At the Rain Parade's Bay Area shows, the audience was receptive, but there were still isolated — and expected — cries of 'Play faster!' The Three O'Clock, however, with their rocks-in-a-tumbler method of attack (the more they go around, the shinier they become) garnered thorough adulation from the youngish mods and new wave Stanford fans alike.

Although they are often lumped together because of their psychedelic bent, the Three O'Clock and the Rain Parade have entirely different sounds. The members of the bands are friends from way back, having joined forces last year on the highly acclaimed "Rainy Day" LP (Enigma Records). At the San Francisco and Berkeley Keystone shows in March, Michael Quercio and Louis Gutierrez of the Three O'Clock joined the Rain Parade on their encore of "I Look Around," and members of the Rain Parade returned the favor at the close of the Three O'Clock's set; which gave Will Glenn an opportunity to repeat his violin chores on the song "Marjorie Tells Me" (he did string arrangements on both "Baroque Hoedown" and "16 Tambourines" — more paisley nepotism). His effortless command of the violin adds a natural shine to Three O'Clock compositions. Although violin is not a standard instrument or style in pop music, he makes it sound necessary.

If the bonds between these bands sound pretty incestuous, rest assured: they are. The Rain Parade and the Three O'Clock are the hub and heartbeat of an L.A. based scene that also includes bands like the Bangles and Green On Red. The Rain Parade claims that the so-called Paisley Underground is a classic media-hype term, since, as Steve says, "All of us — Green on Red, the Three O'Clock — have a really different sound."

Nevertheless, one can't help but feel that the band members secretly revel in the title. "The truth about the Paisley Underground," says Will, "is that they are our real friends. We love those guys. We hang out together."

Matthew points out that this is not just a case of Bat Cave-like socializing. "We're musicians," he says. "We came up playing the same club scene. All the bands in the L.A. scene formed independently and became friends later," he adds. "It's not like we hung out at all the clubs, so therefore it was natural that we join a band so we could be even cooler."

Although the Rain Parade was rated the No. 2 independent single last year (with "What She's Done To Your Mind"), made the Village Voice Pazz and Jop Poll

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Tick Tock: Josh Vox Takes On the Three O'Clock

photo by Eric Predoehl

The Three O'Clock attempt to abduct Joshua Vox: Mickey, Danny, Joshua, Michael and Louis.

photo by Eric Predoehl

By Joshua Vox

What does one say about the Three O'Clock? If anyone would know, it'd probably be me. I've interviewed them four times in the last year or so, most recently toward the end of March, the day of their most recent appearance at the Keystone Palo Alto, and I can tell you right now that they're not a band who are much concerned with weighty concepts: power struggles in segregated Africa, books with titles like "Root Canal Surgery Made Easy," or even writing songs that make sense. I suppose I could start with a vague sketch of the band, an introductory description. Let's see — I could take the diplomatic approach and tell you that the Three O'Clock are nice guys or I could choose the controversy stirring approach and quite frankly inform you that the Three O'Clock are wimpy. That's right, wimpy. Their latest record, "16 Tambourines," is insufferably pleasant, and though they tend to loosen up a bit live, they still have all the sonic emotional wallop of a powder puff.

Milquetoasts.

Softies.

Wimps. Both approaches are equally valid, but I suppose if you were of the school of thought embodied in the latter approach, you probably wouldn't have started this article, let alone read this far . . . .

Anyway, the following interview was conducted on March 22 around 4 p.m. on KFJC with the entire Three O'Clock and their entourage of managers and the like. With eight or nine of us crammed in our little master studio, the whole thing had more of an atmosphere of a party than an interview. Several lines of dialogue have been omitted for the simple reason that parties don't translate well on paper. To assure that I'd be on a similar psychedelic wavelength with the band, I attended the affair clad in a pair of green paisley pajamas made by my grandmother.

JOSHUA VOX: . . . and we have the Three O'Clock here in the studio. Why don't you guys introduce yourselves yet again.

LOUIS GUTIERREZ: I'm one of those guys, my name's Louis. Hello everybody, I love you.

MICKEY MARIANO: This is Mickey, hello.

MICHAEL QUERCIO: (In mock teen idol tones) Hi, I'm Michael, the lead singer.

DANNY BENAIR: Hi, and I'm Danny.

VOX: Oh, god, and they're starting to take off their clothes, they're just so oozing with sex appeal. So you guys mentioned that within the last three months, since the last time I interviewed you in December . . .

LG: That's when you guys were losing power.

VOX: Yeah, but not any more, it's a nice day. Anyway, you mentioned that you've been up to a lot of stuff since then.

MQ: We're in the midst of writing our second rock opera.

LG: We've been spending a lot of time on rehearsing and writing songs. Most recently we started work on our video which is of 'Jet Fighter.'

VOX: And how's that going?

MQ: Fabulous, simply fabulous.

DB: They did all the work on us and now they're doing all the outside work.

MQ: I got a call from DeMille yesterday and he said, 'Mike, I Love it!' We had lunch and we talked about it.

DB: Mike deals only with the dead.

VOX: I heard Francis Ford Coppola was busy trying to decide an ending for it though.

MQ: (Mock prima donna) You'll be seeing a lot of me.

VOX: Oh, good! Lots and lots of Michael.

MQ: Lots of me.

MM: It has exciting scenes of us flying jet fighter pilots.

VOX: Innovative!

DB: Yeah, we play on the wing of a 52 jet plane.

MQ: And we molest the pilot.

VOX: Cool! And what've you been doing since then?

LG: That was the day before we left . . .

MQ: Making second album, one. Making video, two. Generally lounging around, three.

VOX: So how's the lounging around going?

DB: Fine. We get payed a lot of money for it.

VOX: I've heard you guys have lifted lounging around to new artistic heights.

MQ: Yes.

VOX: Is that what the rock opera's going to be about, lounging around?

MQ: Yeah, about lounging around.

DB: Actually, this is the beginning of a two-and-one-half week tour of the Pacific Northwest.

LG: Yeah, we're going up to Canada, this'll be the first time for us.

DB: And maybe the last time.

VOX: So how did you get involved with Game Theory, anyway, Michael?

MQ: (giggling): Uh, Dan Vallor. And he got us all together and then we went into the studio and we did it and I think it's real good. And I think you all will like it and it'll be number one on your playlist.

VOX: Well, now that I've asked you what you've been doing, what haven't you guys been doing in the last three months?

DB: Uh, I haven't gone hunting.

MQ: I haven't been going to Mass

LG: We've not been making money.

MM: Not been getting married.

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"We played with the Alarm in Irvine and we all got gum and stuff thrown at us. They were saying we were wimpy and faggy and I don't see why . . . maybe it was my dress!"

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DB and LG (whispering): Dan Vallor.

Mike — and stop flirting with me. And stop unbuttoning my pajamas!

DB: You oughtta see his PJs!

MM: Yeah, Josh is wearing some really . . .

DB: Josh is NOW.

VOX: I'm hip. I'm modern, I'm psychedelic . . .

MQ: He's sexy, he's sexy.

(The dialtone of the phone, which I accidentally left on, goes out over the air.)

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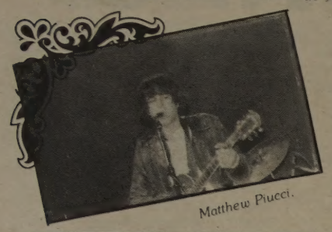
L.A. Bohème: The RAIN PARADE

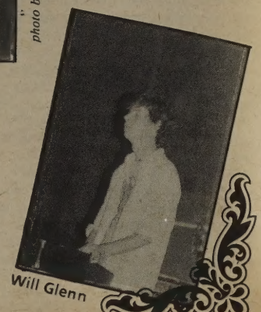


Matthew Piucci

photo by Alex Crovetto

Eddie Kalwa

Steve Roback



Will Glenn

"Fashion is fascism. Style is originality," said Lester Bangs, late rock critic for Rolling Stone magazine. "The two are unalterably opposed.

The Rain Parade and the Three O'Clock are bands that play music that is decidedly out of fashion. While the popular trend of 1984 is slick, syntho-pop, and even hardcore has surfaced as a popular anti-popular stance, psychedelic music like that of the Rain Parade, the Three O'Clock and other Los Angeles based "Paisley Underground" bands is virtually being ignored by both the radio and mainstream press. As Will Glenn, keyboardist for the Rain Parade, puts it: "Rock is like the school playground. It's essentially conformist. There are waves of fashion that tend to crush everything different from it."

The Rain Parade and the Three O'Clock are in no immediate danger of being crushed, as they fight back with their different interpretations of neo-psychedelia. Their recent shows in the Bay Area proved that their music has a fairly large and highly receptive audience. Neo-psychedelia may not be fashionable now, but bands like these are definitely original and stylish.

By Gina Arnold and Isabelle Sikes

Los Angeles Herald critic Mikal Gilmore called "Emergency Third Rail Power Trip," the debut album by the Rain Parade, "a work that invokes its own transforming, brooding mood without sacrificing the accessibility of pop." Indeed, the slow, dreamy quality of the Rain Parade's music is more than reminiscent of the most vividly psychedelic bands of the 60's; and in so being seems strangely anachronistic compared to much of the current, high energy music emerging from the cutting edge of rock. Yet, the Rain Parade is the cutting edge in that they play music that can only be termed Art Rock: self-conscious without being self-indulgent or cliched.

The Rain Parade was formed three years ago by David Roback and Matthew Piucci. "I knew David for a long time," says Matthew, "and of course he'd known Steven (Roback, David's younger brother and bass player for the band) for quite some time too." Roback and Piucci met Glenn through a friend. At the time, Glenn was living on the East Coast. He came to L.A. to join the band, starting out on bass. The arrangement didn't last long. "We didn't know what to do with him," says Matthew. "He played bass like [redacted] but then we found out he could play keyboards. Will's great, he's not some rock'n'roll geek who knows more about how to comb his hair and put on make up than how to play."

The current lineup for the band is Steven Roback, bass and vocals, Matthew Piucci, guitar and vocals, Will Glenn, keyboards, and Eddie Kalwa, drums. The music they play is an almost purist version of 60's psychedelia, although Steven says, "I think the term revisionist is more accurate than (the term) revivalist."

"The listener is the one who loses when they adopt that really narrow minded view of what our music is about," adds Matthew. "We like that kind of music, (psychedelia); we take it to our hearts, but that's not unique. Our influences come from all kinds of music."

Listening to "Emergency Third Rail Power Trip," the Rain Parade's debut LP, one might think that these boys had been brought up on a diet of Love, Pink Floyd the Move, and LSD, but apparantly not so. Among their other influences they cite Television, Talking Heads, Roxy Music, Stravinsky, Debussy and their friends in the Paisley scene.

"We don't write music about the same things people wrote about (in the 60's)," says Matthew.

"A song like 'Incense and Peppermints' by the Strawberry Alarm Clock," adds Will, "is like, psychedelic equals happy. Well, our revision is that psychedelic doesn't necessarily mean happy. Not that we're trying to be psychedelic!"

"Not that we're trying NOT to be happy," adds Matt.

What Nathanael West called "A Sargasso of dreams, a dream dump," is what the Rain Parade call inspiring!

"Or trying NOT to be psychedelic,' Steven chimes in, "OR happy."

Steven claims that most of the Rain Parade's detractors are the real hardcore psychedelic fans. "It's ironic that the people who damn us the most for being like psychedelic bands are actually people who love those bands so much. Their idolization is so complete that they compare us to them," he says.

"We're always flattered when people who don't seem like they fit in that well like us. I'm glad we have that kind of wide appeal," says Matt.

"Audiences are pretty fair," Will comments. "When we're good, they'll let us know. It's rare that we play a good show that they haven't liked us. We've done [redacted] shows and they haven't liked us, and we deserved it!"

"Yeah, does the fact that Hinckley shot Reagan mean that the whole country doesn't like his foreign policy? Does the fact that one [redacted] yells 'you [redacted]' mean that the whole audience hates us?" asks Matthew.

At the Rain Parade's Bay Area shows, the audience was receptive, but there were still isolated — and expected — cries of "Play faster!" The Three O'Clock, however, with their rocks-in-a-tumbler method of attack (the more they go around, the shinier they become) garnered thorough adulation from the youngish mods and new wave Stanford fans alike.

Although they are often lumped together because of their psychedelic bent, the Three O'Clock and the Rain Parade have entirely different sounds. The members of the bands are friends from way back, having joined forces last year on the highly acclaimed "Rainy Day" LP (Enigma Records). At the San Francisco and Berkeley Keystone shows in March, Michael Quercio and Louis Gutierrez of the Three O'Clock joined the Rain Parade on their encore of "I Look Around," and members of the Rain Parade returned the favor at the close of the Three O'Clock's set; which gave Will Glenn an opportunity to repeat his violin chores on the song "Marjorie Tells Me" (he did string arrangements on both "Baroque Hoedown" and "16 Tambourines" — more paisley nepotism). His effortless command of the violin adds a natural shine to Three O'Clock compositions. Although violin is not a standard instrument or style in pop music, he makes it sound necessary.

If the bonds between these bands sound pretty incestuous, rest assured: they are. The Rain Parade and the Three O'Clock are the hub and heartbeat of an L.A. based scene that also includes bands like the Bangles and Green On Red. The Rain Parade claims that the so-called Paisley Underground is a classic media-hype term, since, as Steve says, "All of us — Green on Red, the Three O'Clock — have a really different sound."

Nevertheless, one can't help but feel that the band members secretly revel in the title. "The truth about the Paisley Underground," says Will, "is that they are our real friends. We love those guys. We hang out together."

Matthew points out that this is not just a case of Bat Cave-like socializing. "We're musicians," he says. "We came up playing the same club scene. All the bands in the L.A. scene formed independently and became friends later," he adds. "It's not like we hung out at all the clubs, so therefore it was natural that we join a band so we could be even cooler."

Although the Rain Parade was rated the No. 2 independent single last year (with "What She's Done To Your Mind"), made the Village Voice Pazz and Jop Poll

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Tick Toch: Josh Vox Takes On the Three O'Clock

photo by Eric Predoehl

The Three O'Clock attempt to abduct Joshua Vox: Mickey, Danny, Joshua, Michael and Louis.

photo by Eric Predoehl

By Joshua Vox

What does one say about the Three O'Clock? If anyone would know, it'd probably be me. I've interviewed them four times in the last year or so, most recently toward the end of March, the day of their most recent appearance at the Keystone Palo Alto, and I can tell you right now that they're not a band who are much concerned with weighty concepts: power struggles in segregated Africa, books with titles like "Root Canal Surgery Made Easy," or even writing songs that make sense. I suppose I could start with a vague sketch of the band, an introductory description. Let's see — I could take the diplomatic approach and tell you that the Three O'Clock are nice guys or I could choose the controversy stirring approach and quite frankly inform you that the Three O'Clock are wimpy. That's right, wimpy. Their latest record, "16 Tambourines," is insufferably pleasant, and though they tend to loosen up a bit live, they still have all the sonic emotional wallop of a powder puff.

Milquetoasts.

Softies.

Wimps. Both approaches are equally valid, but I suppose if you were of the school of thought embodied in the latter approach, you probably wouldn't have started this article, let alone read this far . . . .

Anyway, the following interview was conducted on March 22 around 4 p.m. on KFJC with the entire Three O'Clock and their entourage of managers and the like. With eight or nine of us crammed in our little master studio, the whole thing had more of an atmosphere of a party than an interview. Several lines of dialogue have been omitted for the simple reason that parties don't translate well on paper. To assure that I'd be on a similar psychedelic wavelength with the band, I attended the affair clad in a pair of green paisley pajamas made by my grandmother.

JOSHUA VOX: . . . and we have the Three O'Clock here in the studio. Why don't you guys introduce yourselves yet again.

LOUIS GUTIERREZ: I'm one of those guys, my name's Louis. Hello everybody, I love you.

MICKEY MARIANO: This is Mickey, hello.

MICHAEL QUERCIO: (In mock teen idol tones) Hi, I'm Michael, the lead singer.

DANNY BENAIR: Hi, and I'm Danny.

VOX: Oh, god, and they're starting to take off their clothes, they're just so oozing with sex appeal. So you guys mentioned that within the last three months, since the last time I interviewed you in December . . .

LG: That's when you guys were losing power.

VOX: Yeah, but not any more, it's a nice day. Anyway, you mentioned that you've been up to a lot of stuff since then.

MQ: We're in the midst of writing our second rock opera.

LG: We've been spending a lot of time on rehearsing and writing songs. Most recently we started work on our video which is of 'Jet Fighter.'

VOX: And how's that going?

MQ: Fabulous, simply fabulous.

DB: They did all the work on us and now they're doing all the outside work.

MQ: I got a call from DeMille yesterday and he said, 'Mike, I Love it!' We had lunch and we talked about it.

DB: Mike deals only with the dead.

VOX: I heard Francis Ford Coppola was busy trying to decide an ending for it though.

MQ: (Mock prima donna) You'll be seeing a lot of me.

VOX: Oh, good! Lots and lots of Michael.

MQ: Lots of me.

MM: It has exciting scenes of us flying jet fighter pilots.

VOX: Innovative!

DB: Yeah, we play on the wing of a 52 jet plane.

MQ: And we molest the pilot.

VOX: Cool! And what've you been doing since then?

LG: That was the day before we left . . .

MQ: Making second album, one. Making video, two. Generally lounging around, three.

VOX: So how's the lounging around going?

DB: Fine. We get payed a lot of money for it.

VOX: I've heard you guys have lifted lounging around to new artistic heights.

MQ: Yes.

VOX: Is that what the rock opera's going to be about, lounging around?

MQ: Yeah, about lounging around.

DB: Actually, this is the beginning of a two-and-one-half week tour of the Pacific Northwest.

LG: Yeah, we're going up to Canada, this'll be the first time for us.

DB: And maybe the last time.

VOX: So how did you get involved with Game Theory, anyway, Michael?

MQ: (giggling): Uh, Dan Vallor. And he got us all together and then we went into the studio and we did it and I think it's real good. And I think you all will like it and it'll be number one on your playlist.

VOX: Well, now that I've asked you what you've been doing, what haven't you guys been doing in the last three months?

DB: Uh, I haven't gone hunting.

MQ: I haven't been going to Mass

LG: We've not been making money.

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FRONTLINES

GODS WILL BE GODS
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

photo by Suzanne Owen

I was cynical. Most of the live shows I have seen in the past year were a big disappointment. Generally, they were overcrowded in large venues. The sound was either too loud and distorted, innocuously low, or fraught with technical problems because "we didn't get a sound-check" or some similar excuse. The productions were poorly executed or economized to the point of becoming visually annoying rather than aesthetically pleasing or even merely forgettable. Why should this show be any different?

I was excited. Having seen Echo & The Bunnymen before and remaining a true admirer and collector of all vinyl and paper with their name on it, I could hardly wait to see them once again.

I was thrilled. This was as close to a religious experience as I had come in ages. The sound was powerfully rich and full. The music coursed through my being like fresh blood. The set was a resplendent mixture of their best material, old and new. The stage was simple yet dramatically adorned with long streaming banners of tattered white cloth. In combination with the lighting and opulent smoke effect, an appropriately narcotic dream world was achieved. The band was even in a good mood AND SUFFICIENTLY ENTHUSIASTIC (considering jet lag) to play well, crack a joke and entertain a captive audience.

I was amazed. ▼

—Ransome Youth

PRETENDERS

By Gina Arnold

Rock'n'roll is a dangerous soundtrack for dangerous living. The closer one feels to that knife-like fear, the better the rock'n'roll.

The Pretenders have always been on the cutting side of that edge. It isn't just Chrissie Hynde's vicious lyrics that barely conceal her sensitivity; or the power-driven music played by men who were obviously crazed. The Pretenders could scare the living wits out of anyone who found themselves watching poor old Chrissie all alone on a stage, about to be overcome by the terror of the sensation. There she'd stand, defensive, angry, shy — backed by a sloppy, unreliable, and LOUD crew of junkies, who'd drive along at breakneck pace, forcing her to go with them into charts unknown, cranking both the speed and the volume to cover their drug-addled mistakes.

You had to feel for her. You'd watch and listen and you'd be pulling for her: Come on, Chris! Get it together! Rock out, and OVER all that crazed violence up there — overpower the suckers!

Well, she never did manage it. But rock'n'roll takes its toll, and only the really determined, not the desperate, survive. So, with half her old band dead and buried (R.I.P., Jimmie and Pete), Chrissie returned to the Bay Area with a new band and new nerves.

Don't get me wrong. The old Pretenders (Chrissie, Martin, Chambers, Jimmy H-Scott, Pete Farndon) were a great band, in theory if not in practice (read: on record, but not in concert). Nothing Chrissie does now will ever equal the impact that the first Pretenders' LP had on interested ears everywhere — her sultry, tense voice, and the harsh, supple, hypnotic music. Most of all, one remembers the lyrics: worldly, angry, and transparently, heartbreakingly shy. How could you not love a girl who sang, "It's not my place to know how you feel/I'd like to know, but why should I?"

Chrissie and the boys blew rock conventions away: she broke the 'girl singer' mold so eagerly followed by women in groups like the Go Gos, Waitresses, X . . . you name it. From the start, Chrissie was in control. The only problem was, clearly, the strain of that situation. Misinterpreted by everyone as "tough [redacted]rocker," and called the first girl punk, her genius got sidetracked into all of those other categories — punk, singer, riotous rocker, sensitive such-and-such — that hardly even mention the music.

Previous Pretenders concerts in San Francisco were, admittedly, fairly sad affairs. Touted as World's Wickedest Woman (for saying the acrimonious line, "not me baby, I'm too precious, I had to [redacted] Off!" — it's amazing how many supposedly sane guys found her threatening! — she tended to disappoint as she tried to rock out like the raunched out punk she wasn't.

Well, those days are gone forever. It's too bad it had to end the way it did, with two of the band members falling down dead in their tracks, but it just goes to show what made the band sound bad before. The new Pretenders — the Chrissie Hynde Band — are not as colorful or as imaginative, but they're a crack band she can work well with live. Gone is the fear and the desperation behind her tentative bouts with the stage. At the Civic Center show, Chrissie took off the mask of rocker and put on her true self.

The fact is, besides being a brilliant songwriter, she has one of the loveliest voices in rock'n'roll. On ballads like "Birds of Paradise," "Waste Not, Want Not,' "Show Me," and "Thin Line Between Love and Hate," Chrissie showed what a monumental singer she really is. She just stood there and sang, stunning the unruly crowd into submission. No longer overpower by her band, she can shine, both on the slower songs and on the (now well-paced) "rockers."

It's still scary to watch her, because the confidence she has in her own tremendous ability seems tentative at best. But when she gets audience support like she did in San Francisco, the results are amazing. Her absolutely ecstatic renditions of "Brass in Pocket" and "Talk of the Town" were a joy to watch, and a brilliant rendition of "Back on the Chain Gang" was particularly touching.

Of course, Chrissie finished off with a wild rave up of "Precious" and the final words seemed truer than ever. She is precious and she is special. ▼

LOUNGE SINGERS FROM HELL!

By Francie Shaw

Seven years ago, Donny Osmond and Michael Jackson were equally popular. You may be wondering why Donny isn't as popular now. Well, the first reason is that Donny hasn't released an album since 1977. The second reason is, both he and Marie sponge off of other people's hits at their concerts, as demonstrated at their recent performance at the De Anza College Flint Center.

On March 16, Donny and Marie performed at De Anza's Flint Center. They sang a variety of old AM radio hits ranging from Dolly Parton's "9 to 5" to Hall and Oates' "Private Eyes." After seeing this concert, it can definitely be said that Donny and Marie have the art of corniness down to a science. To keep the audience's attention, Marie changed her outfit five times, bounced around the stage, showed off her marriage, baby, and pictures of herself kissing other guys (aren't you jealous?) in a 20-minute long slide show. But that wasn't all! Marie went into the audience and picked out a man. He was about 50 years old, overweight, and half bald. "Isn't he handsome?" she asked the audience as she placed his arms around her. Of course, it was quite entertaining to watch, but she made a mockery out of him. She acted like she had to prove to the audience that she isn't as sweet and innocent as we think.

Donny leapt into the audience as well. Literally. He didn't settle for the 50-year-old woman seated in the front (who was, incidentally, representative of most of the audience). And he didn't let the fact that there was no middle aisle in the theatre for him to walk down stop him, either. He leaped over the rows, shaking the 20-year-old fans hands, receiving flowers and kisses from screaming girls in return.

After returning to the stage and singing pieces of his old hit songs (including "Puppy Love"), Donny said, "I've grown up now!" and proceeded to roll up his pants. He wasn't wearing his purple socks (remember on the Donny and Marie Show he was always known as "Captain Purple?") No, now Donny's "grown up" and conformed! He now wears Nike socks along with his custom made Nike high top tennis shoes. Gee . .

Donny and Marie just had to sing one original song. The audience deserved it. So, with their new computer machines, they performed what may be their next hit (if they release it) called "Chain Reaction." Yes, they've definitely conformed, just like David Bowie and Michael Jackson, by creating a meaningless, repetitive pop-style song of their own! Who knows? Maybe the song will make it big, and Donny Osmond will again be "as big as Michael Jackson." ▼

EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN
Power Tools & DEAD STUFF

by Kevin Hardiman

"Not music - Power Tools!" read the posters splattered up and down the street, and they obviously did their job. The lines stretched several blocks, at least three video crews were present, and the whole of the Bay Area's talk-o'-the-town type of folks were talking about the San Francisco debut of a group few people had heard and whose name even fewer could pronounce.

Einstürzende Neubauten played the On Broadway on a Tuesday evening in March, and they managed to fill the North Beach venue with only scant notice. **Neubauten**, by the way, is the group that takes the idea of "Industrial Music" to its logical limits. Their instrumentation consists of scrap metal, circle sanders, ten foot long electrical coils and the like, as well as the very occasional use of such specialty itmes as *guitar* (and on one number an even rarer piece called a *bass guitar*).

And wouldn't ya know it? They were great! Although their set was far too short (the much talked about power-drill finale was cut at the last minute) it was consistantly entertaining and, yes, *musical*. It's hard to discuss the songs at length...the lyrics were all in German, and sung so fiercly that even Göethe would've had a hard time understanding them. All that can be said is that they repesented a show that brought back all the thrills of breaking into Dad's tool box for the first time. The highpoint was the sandmaster shooting 30 of sparks into the audience, which caused that front rows to cower behind the nearest available skateboards.

San Diego's **Non** and S.F.'s own **Mark Pauline** also appeared on the bill. **Non**, who produce some of the most delightfully noisy records around, showcased the sounds of rocks and other objects being shattered by a sledghammer on a mans chest. What more could you ask for? **Pauline**, on the other hand, disdains such brute tactics. His specialty is machines and dead stuff, exemplified by his mummified cur with a revolving head. He brought the show to a close by sending one of his devices to shoot down a slaughtered sheep which was nailed to a materess, which was probably just great if you like that sort of thing.

But **Einstürzende Neubaten** defintely ruled the night. As sardonic and amusing as the evening was at times, they most definitely raised the "Industrial" Monikker far above the novelty image it's often associated with.▼

LOCAL NOISE
STIFFS OF AMERICA

By Suzanne Severe

So far the Stiffs have opted to handle their own business; they do not have a manager. Right now they are interested in finding a label ("Warner Brothers!").

TOM: We would like to get whatever label wouldn't kick us around, so that we could do what we want to do.

SCOT: We want to be on a label with the most amount of money.

ADRIAN: Seriously, we want to be on a reliable label that would be able to put out a good distribution, but wouldn't clobber us. Interfering is inevitable in a record label situation, but our major object in looking for a record label would be not to get financially [redacted] by them.

MIKE: If they go, "You can't wear orange hats anymore, or whatever, you say, "That's not where I'm at." I'd rather be on some total scum-life San Francisco rat label than the biggest . . . making half a million dollars a record, as long as my creativity, and what I'm expressing is not interfered, I don't care.

ADRIAN: I used to sing. I was in a band called Disord for about a month around two and a half years ago and at that time I learned how to sing real good so I taught Mike how to sing. He taught me how to play bass and I taught him how to sing.

ADRIAN: It takes two months to build up a reasonable set. We've opted to record almost all of our music up to a certain point. A couple of months ago we didn't have the songs that we've got now. We recorded almost everything as it came to us in order.

TOM: There's no point in holding off; you might as well know what you sound like.

MIKE: You want to see things as they're happening.

SCOT: You want to keep control without it getting out of hand.

MIKE: Like, if I send a tape down to L.A., which there is one down there supposedly now, but if I can't see things developing, I'm not sure where we stand. But around here I can tell what's happening with the Stiffs.

TOM: We deal with it personally; it's really hard for us to push anything down in L.A. simply because we're not down there.

ADRIAN: We want to guage our next move in reference with our previous move. If you don't wait and find out how you're previous move resulted, you can't make a good next move.

photo by Suzanne Owen

MIKE: Punk rock, you know, is destroy, destroy, destroy . . . and pretty soon they've destroyed everything and what's left to destroy? Nothing.

TOM: Themselves.

ADRIAN: We're building ourselves in the scene.

MIKE: We're not punk rock.

ADRIAN: We're just a rock and roll band.

TOM: We play our style of rock.

ADRIAN: If an outsider were to classify our music . . . they'd probably say it's basic rock and roll with punk and metal influences.

MIKE: I have an opinion and you can take it or you can leave it. I'm not passive about my opinions, you can like it or you can't, but I'm not forcing the opinion down your throat; I'm just putting an idea out . . . music is a feeling and a band can't go up and lie about what they're feeling because then you'll know it's a joke. What we do is honest, it's the way we feel.

We represent everything you're against no matter who you are and where you are. If you're for exactly what I'm for, then I'm against you. I'm not the person you're going to bring home with your parents for dinner and neither is the rest of this band, and that's what we represent.▼

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Los Altos Hills, CA 94022

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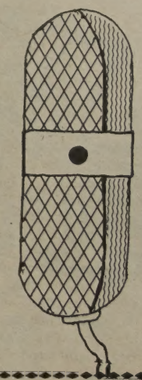

FRONTLINES

GODS WILL BE GODS

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

photo by Suzanne Owen

I was cynical. Most of the live shows I have seen in the past year were a big disappointment. Generally, they were overcrowded in large venues. The sound was either too loud and distorted, innocuously low, or fraught with technical problems because "we didn't get a sound-check" or some similar excuse. The productions were poorly executed or economized to the point of becoming visually annoying rather than aesthetically pleasing or even merely forgettable. Why should this show be any different?

I was excited. Having seen Echo & The Bunnymen before and remaining a true admirer and collector of all vinyl and paper with their name on it, I could hardly wait to see them once again.

I was thrilled. This was as close to a religious experience as I had come in ages. The sound was powerfully rich and full. The music coursed through my being like fresh blood. The set was a resplendent mixture of their best material, old and new. The stage was simple yet dramatically adorned with long streaming banners of tattered white cloth. In combination with the lighting and opulent smoke effect, an appropriately narcotic dream world was achieved. The band was even in a good mood AND SUFFICIENTLY ENTHUSIASTIC (considering jet lag) to play well, crack a joke and entertain a captive audience.

I was amazed. ▼

—Ransome Youth

LOUNGE SINGERS FROM HELL!

By Francie Shaw

Seven years ago, Donny Osmond and Michael Jackson were equally popular. You may be wondering why Donny isn't as popular now. Well, the first reason is that Donny hasn't released an album since 1977. The second reason is, both he and Marie sponge off of other people's hits at their concerts, as demonstrated at their recent performance at the De Anza College Flint Center.

On March 16, Donny and Marie performed at De Anza's Flint Center. They sang a variety of old AM radio hits ranging from Dolly Parton's "9 to 5" to Hall and Oates' "Private Eyes." After seeing this concert, it can definitely be said that Donny and Marie have the art of corniness down to a science. To keep the audience's attention, Marie changed her outfit five times, bounced around the stage, showed off her marriage, baby, and pictures of herself kissing other guys (aren't you jealous?) in a 20-minute long slide show. But that wasn't all! Marie went into the audience and picked out a man. He was about 50 years old, overweight, and half bald. "Isn't he handsome?" she asked the audience as she placed his arms around her. Of course, it was quite entertaining to watch, but she made a mockery out of him. She acted like she had to prove to the audience that she isn't as sweet and innocent as we think.

Donny leapt into the audience as well. Literally. He didn't settle for the 50-year-old woman seated in the front (who was, incidentally, representative of most of the audience). And he didn't let the fact that there was no middle aisle in the theatre for him to walk down stop him, either. He leaped over the rows, shaking the 20-year-old fans hands, receiving flowers and kisses from screaming girls in return.

After returning to the stage and singing pieces of his old hit songs (including "Puppy Love"), Donny said, "I've grown up now!" and proceeded to roll up his pants. He wasn't wearing his purple socks (remember on the Donny and Marie Show he was always known as "Captain Purple?") No, now Donny's "grown up" and conformed! He now wears Nike socks along with his custom made Nike high top tennis shoes. Gee . .

Donny and Marie just had to sing one original song. The audience deserved it. So, with their new computer machines, they performed what may be their next hit (if they release it) called "Chain Reaction." Yes, they've definitely conformed, just like David Bowie and Michael Jackson, by creating a meaningless, repetitive pop-style song of their own! Who knows? Maybe the song will make it big, and Donny Osmond will again be "as big as Michael Jackson." ▼

PRETENDERS

By Gina Arnold

Rock'n'roll is a dangerous soundtrack for dangerous living. The closer one feels to that knife-like fear, the better the rock'n'roll.

The Pretenders have always been on the cutting side of that edge. It isn't just Chrissie Hynde's vicious lyrics that barely conceal her sensitivity; or the power-driven music played by men who were obviously crazed. The Pretenders could scare the living wits out of anyone who found themselves watching poor old Chrissie all alone on a stage, about to be overcome by the terror of the sensation. There she'd stand, defensive, angry, shy — backed by a sloppy, unreliable, and LOUD crew of junkies, who'd drive along at breakneck pace, forcing her to go with them into charts unknown, cranking both the speed and the volume to cover their drug-addled mistakes.

You had to feel for her. You'd watch and listen and you'd be pulling for her: Come on, Chris! Get it together! Rock out, and OVER all that crazed violence up there — overpower the suckers!

Well, she never did manage it. But rock'n'roll takes its toll, and only the really determined, not the desperate, survive. So, with half her old band dead and buried (R.I.P., Jimmie and Pete), Chrissie returned to the Bay Area with a new band and new nerves.

Don't get me wrong. The old Pretenders (Chrissie, Martin, Chambers, Jimmy H-Scott, Pete Farndon) were a great band, in theory if not in practice (read: on record, but not in concert). Nothing Chrissie does now will ever equal the impact that the first Pretenders' LP had on interested ears everywhere — her sultry, tense voice, and the harsh, supple, hypnotic music. Most of all, one remembers the lyrics: worldly, angry, and transparently, heartbreakingly shy. How could you not love a girl who sang, "It's not my place to know how you feel/I'd like to know, but why should I?"

Chrissie and the boys blew rock conventions away: she broke the 'girl singer' mold so eagerly followed by women in groups like the Go Gos, Waitresses, X . . . you name it. From the start, Chrissie was in control. The only problem was, clearly, the strain of that situation. Misinterpreted by everyone as "tough [redacted] rocker," and called the first girl punk, her genius got sidetracked into all of those other categories — punk, singer, riotous rocker, sensitive such-and-such — that hardly even mention the music.

Previous Pretenders concerts in San Francisco were, admittedly, fairly sad affairs. Touted as World's Wickedest Woman (for saying the acrimonious line, "not me baby, I'm too precious, I had to [redacted] Off!" — it's amazing how many supposedly sane guys found her threatening! — she tended to disappoint as she tried to rock out like the raunched out punk she wasn't.

Well, those days are gone forever. It's too bad it had to end the way it did, with two of the band members falling down dead in their tracks, but it just goes to show what made the band sound bad before. The new Pretenders — the Chrissie Hynde Band — are not as colorful or as imaginative, but they're a crack band she can work well with live. Gone is the fear and the desperation behind her tentative bouts with the stage. At the Civic Center show, Chrissie took off the mask of rocker and put on her true self.

The fact is, besides being a brilliant songwriter, she has one of the loveliest voices in rock'n'roll. On ballads like "Birds of Paradise," "Waste Not, Want Not,' "Show Me," and "Thin Line Between Love and Hate," Chrissie showed what a monumental singer she really is. She just stood there and sang, stunning the unruly crowd into submission. No longer overpower by her band, she can shine, both on the slower songs and on the (now well-paced) "rockers."

It's still scary to watch her, because the confidence she has in her own tremendous ability seems tentative at best. But when she gets audience support like she did in San Francisco, the results are amazing. Her absolutely ecstatic renditions of "Brass in Pocket" and "Talk of the Town" were a joy to watch, and a brilliant rendition of "Back on the Chain Gang" was particularly touching.

Of course, Chrissie finished off with a wild rave up of "Precious" and the final words seemed truer than ever. She is precious and she is special. ▼

EINSTÜRZENDE NEUBAUTEN

Power Tools & DEAD Stuff

by Kevin Hardiman

"Not music - Power Tools!" read the posters splattered up and down the street, and they obviously did their job. The lines stretched several blocks, at least three video crews were present, and the whole of the Bay Area's talk-o'-the-town type of folks were talking about the San Francisco debut of a group few people had heard and whose name even fewer could pronounce—**Einstürzende Neubauten** played the On Broadway on a Tuesday evening in March, and they managed to fill the North Beach venue with only scant notice. **Neubauten**, by the way, is the group that takes the idea of "Industrial Music" to its logical limits. Their instrumentation consists of scrap metal, circle sanders, ten foot long electrical coils and the like, as well as the very occasional use of such specialty itmes as *guitar* (and on one number an even rarer piece called a *bass guitar*).

And wouldn't ya know it? They were great! Although their set was far too short (the much talked about power-drill finale was cut at the last minute) it was consistantly entertaining and, yes, *musical*. It's hard to discuss the songs at length...the lyrics were all in German, and sung so fiercly that even Goethe would've had a hard time understanding them. All that can be said is that they repesented a show that brought back all the thrills of breaking into Dad's tool box for the first time. The highpoint was the sandmaster shooting 30 of sparks into the audience, which caused that front rows to cower behind the nearest available skateboards.

San Diego's **Non** and S.F.'s own **Mark Pauline** also appeared on the bill. **Non**, who produce some of the most delightfully noisy records around, showcased the sounds of rocks and other objects being shattered by a sledghammer on a mans chest. What more could you ask for? **Pauline**, on the other hand, disdains such brute tactics. His specialty is machines and dead stuff, exemplified by his mummified cur with a revolving head. He brought the show to a close by sending one of his devices to shoot down a slaughtered sheep which was nailed to a materess, which was probably just great if you like that sort of thing.

But **Einstürzende Neubaten** defintely ruled the night. As sardonic and amusing as the evening was at times, they most definitely raised the "Industrial" Monikker far above the novelty image it's often associated with. ▼

LOCAL NOISE

STIFFS OF AMERICA

By Suzanne Severe

So far the Stiffs have opted to handle their own business; they do not have a manager. Right now they are interested in finding a label ("Warner Brothers!").

TOM: We would like to get whatever label wouldn't kick us around, so that we could do what we want to do.

SCOT: We want to be on a label with the most amount of money.

ADRIAN: Seriously, we want to be on a reliable label that would be able to put out a good distribution, but wouldn't clobber us. Interfering is inevitable in a record label situation, but our major object in looking for a record label would be not to get financially [redacted] by them.

MIKE: If they go, "You can't wear orange hats anymore, or whatever, you say, "That's not where I'm at." I'd rather be on some total scum-life San Francisco rat label than the biggest . . . making half a million dollars a record, as long as my creativity, and what I'm expressing is not interfered, I don't care.

ADRIAN: I used to sing. I was in a band called Disord for about a month around two and a half years ago and at that time I learned how to sing real good so I taught Mike how to sing. He taught me how to play bass and I taught him how to sing.

ADRIAN: It takes two months to build up a reasonable set. We've opted to record almost all of our music up to a certain point. A couple of months ago we didn't have the songs that we've got now. We recorded almost everything as it came to us in order.

TOM: There's no point in holding off; you might as well know what you sound like.

MIKE: You want to see things as they're happening.

SCOT: You want to keep control without it getting out of hand.

photo by Suzanne Owen

MIKE: Like, if I send a tape down to L.A., which there is one down there supposedly now, but if I can't see things developing, I'm not sure where we stand. But around here I can tell what's happening with the Stiffs.

TOM: We deal with it personally; it's really hard for us to push anything down in L.A. simply because we're not down there.

ADRIAN: We want to guage our next move in reference with our previous move. If you don't wait and find out how you're previous move resulted, you can't make a good next move.

MIKE: Punk rock, you know, is destroy, destroy, destroy . . . and pretty soon they've destroyed everything and what's left to destroy? Nothing.

TOM: Themselves.

ADRIAN: We're building ourselves in the scene.

MIKE: We're not punk rock.

ADRIAN: We're just a rock and roll band.

TOM: We play our style of rock.

ADRIAN: If an outsider were to classify our music . . . they'd probably say it's basic rock and roll with punk and metal influences.

MIKE: I have an opinion and you can take it or you can leave it. I'm not passive about my opinions, you can like it or you can't, but I'm not forcing the opinion down your throat; I'm just putting an idea out . . . music is a feeling and a band can't go up and lie about what they're feeling because then you'll know it's a joke. What we do is honest, it's the way we feel.

We represent everything you're against no matter who you are and where you are. If you're for exactly what I'm for, then I'm against you. I'm not the person you're going to bring home with your parents for dinner and neither is the rest of this band, and that's what we represent. ▼

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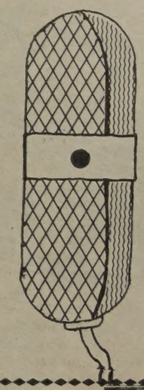

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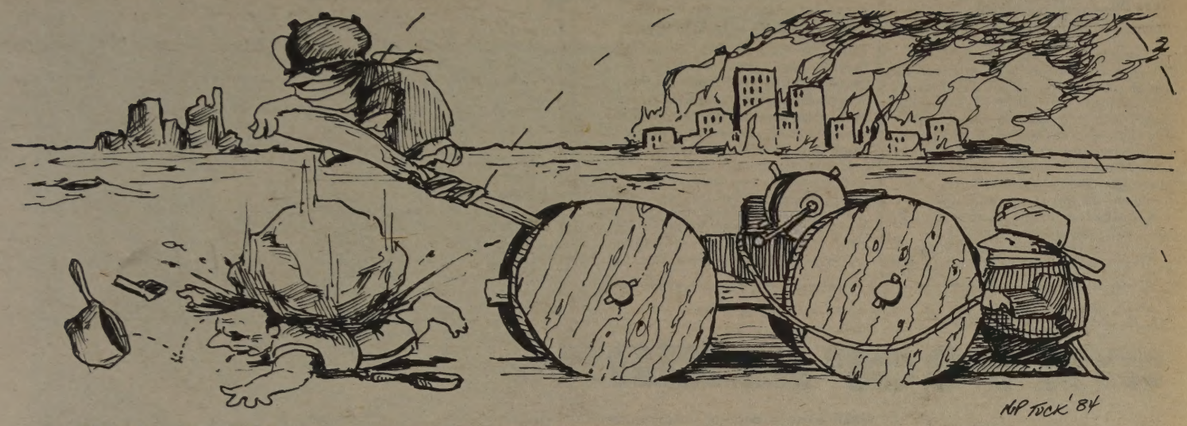

1984 DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION Year's Best Demos

By Nip Tuck

The primaries, the primaries. The Democratic Presidential Nomination. Gina says she needs a thousand words or so real quick, and all I can think of are two: it's over.

Yes, over. Now that Wally the Mon has swept through Pennsylvania like Captain Cook through the West Indies it will take an act of God, like a freak lightening storm inside the Mondale campaign plane, to stop the big fellow from Minnesota.

However, there are still some interesting questions to be answered, not least of which is . . . how is the Demo-bund going to beat the Aged Incumbent? Can they? Should they? This is the drama yet to be played out in the primaries.

Texas. The Next Big Thing, primary-wise. Now, you and I both know that Hart's campaign is DOA in the H_2O, but does Gary know it? Hart is desperately looking for an excuse to hang on for the nutcutting in California, last and most populous of the primary states. Gary's electoral foundation is the YUP's, Young Urban Professionals; next to California, Texas is probably the world's leading Yuppie preserve. If Gary Hart can pull this one out, he will undoubtedly decide to hang on for a fratricidal slug-fest at the nominating convention in July.

Now, if the Demos hope to unseat the Cranky Clown from the big white house, they had better pray to whatever emasculated deity that has been left to them by the right-wing religiopaths that G. Hart goes down quick and thorough in Texas, beaten like a gong by Mondale. That way, Walter can take young Gary aside, point out to him the obvious futility of continuing, and offer him the VP slot on the fall ticket. This is critical: Hart's supporters have shown themselves possessed of all the party loyalty of a starving ferret. Unless their boy is clearly made Heir-Apparent, they will bolt to Reagan in lemming-like droves come November. As political commentator Tom Noyes said, Yuppies are Republicans; they just don't know it yet.

So, continuing on the assumption that this "death-struggle between Siamese twins" number that Mondale and Hart are doing comes to a rapid end — and the Demos don't have a hope in Hades if it doesn't — the next priority is Jesse Jackson. A large part of Jackson's vote is made up of traditional Democrats, and if Jackson is made an offer of substantial power in the party hierarchy even the new voters may stick around for the Big Casino in November. The Democrats must have the black and minority vote.

Jesse Jackson is going to wield power at the convention — of that there is no doubt. Not only must the Mondale people deal with Rev. Jesse in a manner sincere enough to retain the vast body of votes Jackson will bring in (HUD? Interior Dep't? Secretary of State?), but they also must avoid letting Jackson too obviously dictate the party platform and infrastructure because this could also lose them the election. There is a large group of Democrats — specifically Southerners and ethnic old-liners — who do not want to see party power turned over to boat rockers like the Rev. Jesse. They may even go so far, if they feel threatened, as to pull away from the Mondale bandwagon, leaving at least one of its wheels in a ditch. Thus, they would retain control over the party and could remain in genteel opposition to Ron Reagan and his Fabulous Federalettes through 1988 — anybody to the left of Genghis Khan can stand in opposition to Ronald Reagan on most issues. That way the whole "minority uprising" would be nipped in the buddy-boy, and the party hacks would just go back into their "wait til next year" mode.

This is one of the reasons that, for the sake of any chance of a Demo victory,

Must. Got to! However, this is where the Mondale architects must do some really cute walking and fast talking.
Hart must fold before too long, I feel.
A revitalized Hart going toe-to-toe with Mondale at the SF convention means Jesse Jackson could waltz in and trade his navel-fluff for government grants, demand all Cabinet level posts be filled by Muslims, etc. — this, anyway, will be the perception of the Dixiecrats; they will be biting and scratching with the Yuppies for a seat on the old Reagan Greyhound.

I could go on this way forever. I haven't even had a chance to mention that if Walter Mondale wants to be President he had better start acting like a leader, and less like a man entirely made of cream cheese . . . ah, but these are the ravings of a terminal case. Even now my fingers have begun to swell, to become spatulate and clumsy. Every key I hit is joined by 6ij m90re/,/,. .

One last point of interest. If Ronnie Popular wins again, we may have another brain-freezing scenario to look forward to. As the Reagan team leaves office in '88 — blinking in the light of day and stuffing their pockets with filthy lucre — George Bush will be the Crown Prince. He will probably be running against Gary Hart.

Now, I can tell the difference between the two of them, even in bad lighting, but can anyone else?

Something to look forward to. Hoo-hah.

Bye for now,

—Nip ▼

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HISTORY ALWAYS REPEATS

By Corry Arnold

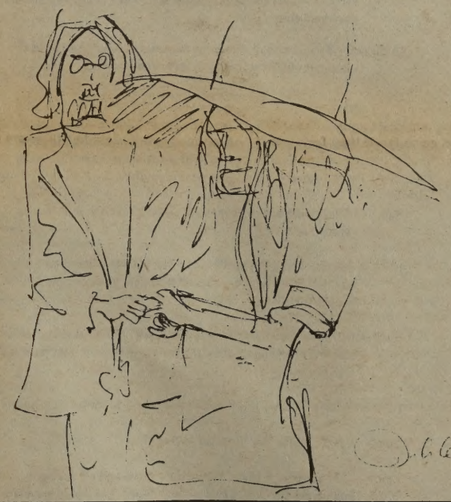
The history of rock from 1964 to 1976 is best expressed in terms of major trends. The Beatles began the British invasion, followed by psychedelia, singer-songwriters, glitter, and then progressive rock. Of course, there were counter-trends and so on, but the above sequence expresses the basic development of rock towards increasing "sophistication." However, the trend towards sophistication was short-circuited by the sudden appearance of punk rock in 1976.

Once the initial blast of punk ended, songs became longer, production became better, and new music developed a tendency towards sophistication all over again. Now the rising popularity of bands such as Los Angeles' Rain Parade and the Three O'Clock, and British neo-psychedelic bands such as Echo and the Bunnymen, suggest that psychedelic music is again becoming a force. Put simply, rock history appears to be repeating itself.

The phenomenon of history repeating itself is not unique. Indeed, it is to be expected. The most influential philosopher of the 19th century, George W.F. Hegel, explained history as dialectical forces in conflict causing history to repeat itself. Although unread today, Hegel (though no leftist) was the philosophical basis of Marx, and the mountain which the existentialist Kierkegaard and the nihilist Nietzche sought to erode.

The essential movement in Hegel is from the unself-conscious to the self-conscious. Early rock, and early punk such as Iggy and the Stooges and the MC5, was simply primitive. The New York Dolls, the Sex Pistols and the Clash were primitive as a result of a conscious desire to emulate that music. Early San Francisco psychedelia was an unself-conscious expression of a fusion of various musical inputs. Neo-psychedelia expresses a conscious intention by those bands to play and develop that fusion of musical sources. Thus, history repeats itself as a form of development rather than as mere repetition.

The development of modern rock can be approached from any direction and Hegelian dialectics still organizes the material in the best way. The influence of black music on British pop/dance music, in turn inspiring American groups; or new technologies affecting the composition of bands (electric guitars, Marshall Amps, synthesizers, drum machines); anyway you like: history moves in a cycle from the unself-conscious to the self-conscious, in rock as elsewhere. The whole process of history is directed to rendering this unconscious impulse a conscious one.▼



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John Lennon/Yoko Ono

By Mark Hoffmeister

During the end of March I was fortunate enough to present a tribute to the music of John and Yoko. Fortunate because it was a very rewarding experience.

Why was it so rewarding? It not only re-exposed me to much music I hadn't heard in some time, but reassured me as to how much I enjoyed all of it. Truly, after spending six months playing John and Yoko's music over and over again to produce the special, I liked it even more than ever.

The second main factor that made the special worthwhile was all the positive audience response. Everyone who called had nice things to say about John and Yoko and the program, too. Since KFJC doesn't pay the airstaff, positive audience feedback really helps. So thanks to all those who called or just listened. You made this program truly a special in more ways than one.

I really enjoyed talking to all of John and Yoko's friends and associates who consented for interviews. Though a lot of the interviews covered different topics, they all had one common thread. Everyone I interviewed praised John as a friend and human being more than as an artist. This made me realize why a lot of people miss John Lennon. It would have been all right to go on without any more records from John, but to go on without John Lennon, the guy who cared about what mattered, is what's really sad. So thanks to all those people who helped out with the interviews: Elliot Mintz, Jim Keltner, Dave Sholin, Andy Newmark, Nicky Hopkins, David Peel.

Another nice touch to the special came when Polygram's New York office mailed me a mixed box of autographed LPs and 12" 45s signed by Yoko Ono. It's not the sort of thing that happens everyday. It definitely added a lot for myself and the listening audience.

Lastly, but definitely not least, I'd like to thank KFJC for being the type of station it is. The staff helped in ways too numerous to list. Part of the program was even simulcast on KALX in Berkeley. That is what made it all worthwhile — the amount of cooperation and positive input from everyone involved. I'm sure John would have approved.

Thank you all. ▼

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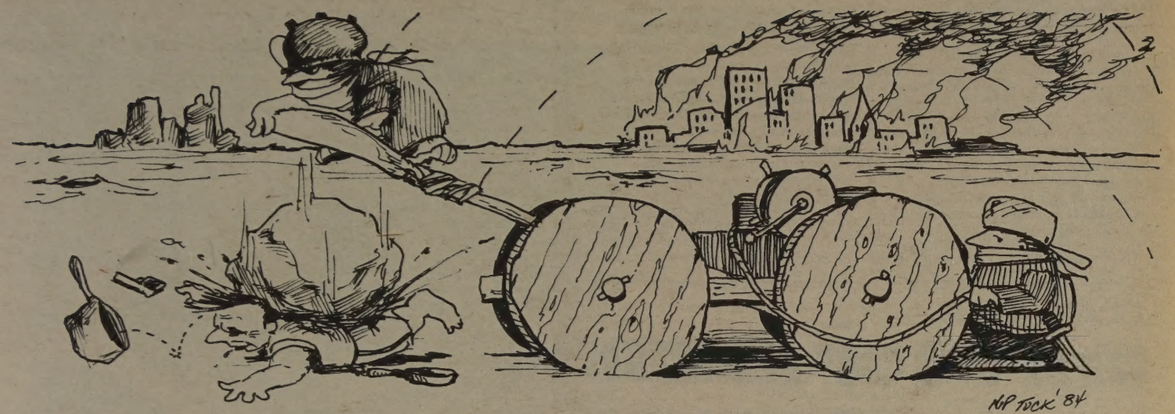

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So, continuing on the assumption that this "death-struggle between Siamese twins" number that Mondale and Hart are doing comes to a rapid end — and the Demos don't have a hope in Hades if it doesn't — the next priority is Jesse Jackson. A large part of Jackson's vote is made up of traditional Democrats, and if Jackson is made an offer of substantial power in the party hierarchy even the new voters may stick around for the Big Casino in November. The Democrats must have the black and minority vote.

Jesse Jackson is going to wield power at the convention — of that there is no doubt. Not only must the Mondale people deal with Rev. Jesse in a manner sincere enough to retain the vast body of votes Jackson will bring in (HUD? Interior Dep't? Secretary of State?), but they also must avoid letting Jackson too obviously dictate the party platform and infrastructure because this could also lose them the election. There is a large group of Democrats — specifically Southerners and ethnic old-liners — who do not want to see party power turned over to boat rockers like the Rev. Jesse. They may even go so far, if they feel threatened, as to pull away from the Mondale bandwagon, leaving at least one of its wheels in a ditch. Thus, they would retain control over the party and could remain in genteel opposition to Ron Reagan and his Fabulous Federalettes through 1988 — anybody to the left of Genghis Khan can stand in opposition to Ronald Reagan on most issues. That way the whole "minority uprising" would be nipped in the buddy-boy, and the party hacks would just go back into their "wait til next year" mode.

This is one of the reasons that, for the sake of any chance of a Demo victory, Mondale at the SF convention means Jesse Jackson could waltz in and trade his navel-fluff for government grants, demand all Cabinet level posts be filled by Muslims, etc. — this, anyway, will be the perception of the Dixiecrats; they will be biting and scratching with the Yuppies for a seat on the old Reagan Greyhound.

I could go on this way forever. I haven't even had a chance to mention that if Walter Mondale wants to be President he had better start acting like a leader, and less like a man entirely made of cream cheese . . . ah, but these are the ravings of a terminal case. Even now my fingers have begun to swell, to become spatulate and clumsy. Every key I hit is joined by 6ij m90re/,/,. .

One last point of interest. If Ronnie Popular wins again, we may have another brain-freezing scenario to look forward to. As the Reagan team leaves office in '88 — blinking in the light of day and stuffing their pockets with filthy lucre — George Bush will be the Crown Prince. He will probably be running against Gary Hart.

Now, I can tell the difference between the two of them, even in bad lighting, but can anyone else?

Must. Got to! However, this is where the Mondale architects must do some really cute walking and fast talking.
Hart must fold before too long, I feel. A revitalized Hart going toe-to-toe with

Something to look forward to. Hoo-hah.

Bye for now,

—Nip ▼

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HISTORY ALWAYS REPEATS

By Corry Arnold

The history of rock from 1964 to 1976 is best expressed in terms of major trends. The Beatles began the British invasion, followed by psychedelia, singer-songwriters, glitter, and then progressive rock. Of course, there were counter-trends and so on, but the above sequence expresses the basic development of rock towards increasing "sophistication." However, the trend towards sophistication was short-circuited by the sudden appearance of punk rock in 1976.

Once the initial blast of punk ended, songs became longer, production became better, and new music developed a tendency towards sophistication all over again. Now the rising popularity of bands such as Los Angeles' Rain Parade and the Three O'Clock, and British neo-psychedelic bands such as Echo and the Bunnymen, suggest that psychedelic music is again becoming a force. Put simply, rock history appears to be repeating itself.

The phenomenon of history repeating itself is not unique. Indeed, it is to be expected. The most influential philosopher of the 19th century, George W.F. Hegel, explained history as dialectical forces in conflict causing history to repeat itself. Although unread today, Hegel (though no leftist) was the philosophical basis of Marx, and the mountain which the existentialist Kierkegaard and the nihilist Nietzche sought to erode.

The essential movement in Hegel is from the unself-conscious to the self-conscious. Early rock, and early punk such as Iggy and the Stooges and the MC5, was simply primitive. The New York Dolls, the Sex Pistols and the Clash were primitive as a result of a conscious desire to emulate that music. Early San Francisco psychedelia was an unself-conscious expression of a fusion of various musical inputs. Neo-psychedelia expresses a conscious intention by those bands to play and develop that fusion of musical sources. Thus, history repeats itself as a form of development rather than as mere repetition.

The development of modern rock can be approached from any direction and Hegelian dialectics still organizes the material in the best way. The influence of black music on British pop/dance music, in turn inspiring American groups; or new technologies affecting the composition of bands (electric guitars, Marshall Amps, synthesizers, drum machines); anyway you like: history moves in a cycle from the unself-conscious to the self-conscious, in rock as elsewhere. The whole process of history is directed to rendering this unconscious impulse a conscious one. ▼

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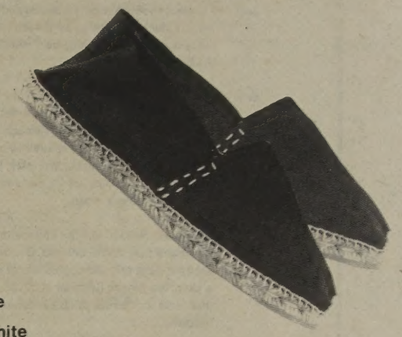

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John Lennon/Yoko Ono

By Mark Hoffmeister

During the end of March I was fortunate enough to present a tribute to the music of John and Yoko. Fortunate because it was a very rewarding experience.

Why was it so rewarding? It not only re-exposed me to much music I hadn't heard in some time, but reassured me as to how much I enjoyed all of it. Truly, after spending six months playing John and Yoko's music over and over again to produce the special, I liked it even more than ever.

The second main factor that made the special worthwhile was all the positive audience response. Everyone who called had nice things to say about John and Yoko and the program, too. Since KFJC doesn't pay the airstaff, positive audience feedback really helps. So thanks to all those who called or just listened. You made this program truly a special in more ways than one.

I really enjoyed talking to all of John and Yoko's friends and associates who consented for interviews. Though a lot of the interviews covered different topics, they all had one common thread. Everyone I interviewed praised John as a friend and human being more than as an artist. This made me realize why a lot of people miss John Lennon. It would have been all right to go on without any more records from John, but to go on without John Lennon, the guy who cared about what mattered, is what's really sad. So thanks to all those people who helped out with the interviews: Elliot Mintz, Jim Keltner, Dave Sholin, Andy Newmark, Nicky Hopkins, David Peel.

Another nice touch to the special came when Polygram's New York office mailed me a mixed box of autographed LPs and 12" 45s signed by Yoko Ono. It's not the sort of thing that happens everyday. It definitely added a lot for myself and the listening audience.

Lastly, but definitely not least, I'd like to thank KFJC for being the type of station it is. The staff helped in ways too numerous to list. Part of the program was even simulcast on KALX in Berkeley. That is what made it all worthwhile — the amount of cooperation and positive input from everyone involved. I'm sure John would have approved.

Thank you all. ▼

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10am – Glen Livit. Nothin' but the Blues with Glen Livet. He plays Texas and L.A. Blues, Chicago, Detroit & Oakland urban Blues, acoustic delta folk Blues, plus lots of new releases and local artists. The Blooze Calendar at 12:30. Make a visit to the local juke joint or after-hours club on your radio every Monday morning.

1pm – People in Peninsula Politics with Don Swrath. Each week Don discusses issues of local concern, and invites you to call in.

2pm – Diana plays it all – almost. If you like animals and men, Diana likes you!!!!!

6pm – Lyle (yeow). Fast, slow, loud, pop, obscure, etc. . . . Female singers, dirge, trash, punk, reggae, etc. . . . Old, new, American, British, German, Swedish, etc. . . . Angry Samoans, Joy Division, Morbid Opera, Birthday Party, Rude Kids, Yma Sumac, Liliput, Red Cross, Xmal Deutschland, etc. . . . Waves at 9:30.

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12noon – Patrick. Make way for a bloody Saturday afternoon as Patrick terrorizes your ears with the loud, the obnoxious, the maniac, and the annoying music that makes KFJC great.

3pm – Neal Prey. Plays an incongruent mix of: hardcore, reggae, authentic rockabilly, & pop, as well as the occasional "out there" pieces. In other words, don't expect anything except the Cramps.

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7HX 04

KFJC PROFILE: BOB GIBSON

GIBSON: MUSIC OGRE

By Pat and Lyle

WAVES: What made you decide to return to KFJC as Music Director?

GIBSON: I was drafted. It got to a point where it looked like I had six months or more before I really had to go back to work for a living, and KFJC has been a favorite sand box of mine for years.

WAVES: What made you leave KFJC the first time?

GIBSON: I got a job at KFAT as assistant music director as well as on-air talent in the fall of 1979. I had been music director at KFJC since late 1977 and worked at it until late '79 before someone who had known me from KFJC took over as program director there (KFAT) and said, "I want you to do the housewife shift and be music director."

WAVES: How was it at KFAT?

GIBSON: Well, it was the best professional radio job I have ever had. There have been others that I've worked at, mostly down south. It was a challenge for me to learn country and western music which I really didn't know anything about at the time. I knew some blues and rockabilly and the goopy stuff that they played, but by and large there was no format really. When I look at what I see now on commercial radio, KFAT really was a special place.

WAVES: What was the wierdest thing you ever did at KFAT?

GIBSON: Oh you heard about that? I played the Sex Pistols on KFAT. It wasn't that weird musically, it was just the fact that the Sex Pistols on Fat radio must of pissed off a lot of cowboys driving around in the mudcake pick up trucks with their easy rider rifle racks. The program director never really yelled at me about that because I played Blind Willie McTell for him a lot and he liked that.

WAVES: What's the Gibson philosophy of music?

GIBSON: There isn't any.

WAVES: What about KFJC's productions?

GIBSON: In the ongoing battle between the survival of artistic expression vs. the necessary financial realities of radio, you're going to have to try to market it in some way, shape or form. KFJC is in a unique position in that we are fortunate enough to have a good size and a good area to broadcast into and can reach a lot of people. We have the ability to do things that are impossible in the commercial sphere of music. I think that's part of KFJC's responsibility.

WAVES: What have been the most consistent important aspects in the life of Gibson?

"Baseball is a microcosm of America: commerce, stupidity —you name it. It's rock'n'roll with bats!"

WAVES: Which teams have earned the Gibson seal of approval?

GIBSON: I like watching good baseball. I am a longtime Giants fan since I was five years old. I saw all of the great Giants teams, but at the same time I've also been forced to be around all the incredibly stupid things they've done over the years and I'm kind of the sarcastic Giant fan. You know, 'What'll they do next?' The A's are my team. Well, really since the early 70's when they fielded that amazing team. I'm not crazy about the things they do to entertain the crowd at the Coliseum, but I seem to have a good time. Because you go to Candlestick and people get into fights and they're rude and it's cold all the time. I go to the Colisium and it's still cold, but I have a better time there. Also I like the way they pay their people; they try to build their team and they have a good attitude about what they want. The A's are my boys. Baseball is a microcosm of America, commerce, stupidity, you name it. It's rock'n'roll with bats!

photo by Eric Predoehl

Oh, gee whiz Gibson, funny you should pick *That* one.

GIBSON: Beyond music, which is obviously numero uno, there's baseball, which is almost as important, there's fishing, there's automobiles, and the study of the amazing degree of lameness that we are constantly assaulted with and that over the years we have come to accept as normal.

WAVES: How about the world of baseball according to Gibson?

GIBSON: It is absolutely essential to a reasonable life in America. One guy said, and I forget who it was, that the thing that's great about baseball is that what little action you do see is interspersed between so much nothingness that it really seems great.

WAVES: Why have you given yourself the title of Music Ogre?

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MAKES ME WANNA HOLLER - MARVIN GAYE (1939-1984)

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Marvin Gaye died never achieving the superstardom he strived for and deserved. He was famous, sure, but not in a class with Jagger, Jackson & Presley, of McCartney, Sinatra or even Diana Ross. He was a silky voiced soul singer, a Motown favourite, a sex machinist, sex machinest. And so much more. Would there have been a Rolling Stones if there'd been no Marvin Gaye? Perhaps, but their singer would've sounded a lot different. Would Mick Jagger, Al Green, Stevie Wonder, Van Morrison have sounded like they did?

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And now he's dead. Rest in Peace, trouble man. And keep fighting, and singing, to save us, your children. - *Kevin Dante Hardiman*

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The first to pick up the style from Dale was Dave Myers and the Surf-Tones, also Rendezvous Ballroom regulars. Fast on their heels were the Chantays, Crossfires, Surfaris, Surfmen, Eddie and the Showmen, Manuel and the Renegades, Sentinals, Impacts, Gold Tones, Blue Notes, Jesters (with Jim Messina), and the list goes on.

Truly a garage scene, over 20 years ago! But surf music is back! Surf inspired guitar is all over the "new" music, and there's Agent Orange and other L.A. bands doing updated surf tunes. But better yet, there's Dick Dale still playing (when he's not in court), the Surfaris are back together, Jon and the Nightriders, Surf Raiders, and the Metallic Wedge, the Piers, San Diego's Evasions . . .

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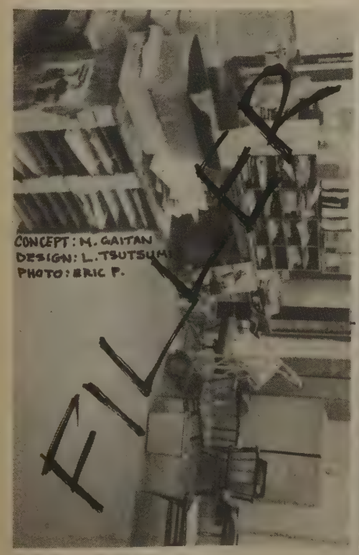

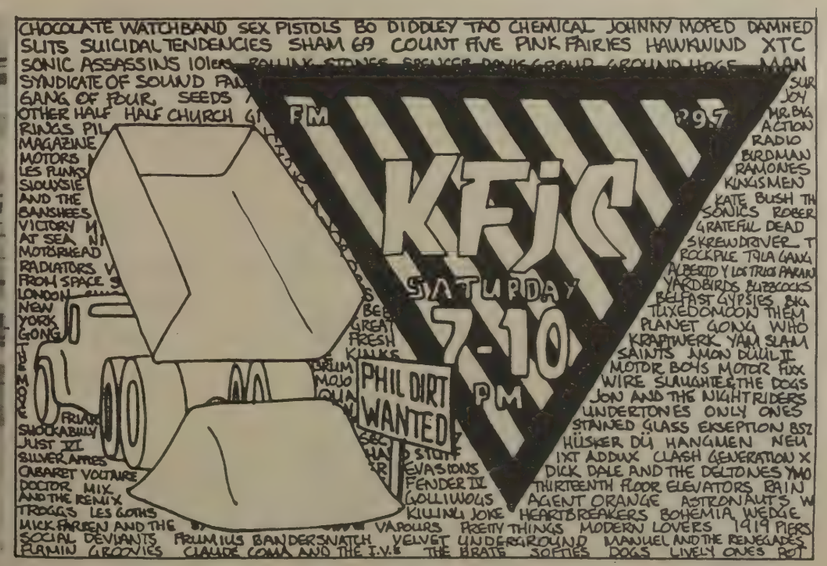

KFJC

PROFILE: BOB GIBSON

GIBSON: MUSIC OGRE

By Pat and Lyle

WAVES: What made you decide to return to KFJC as Music Director?

GIBSON: I was drafted. It got to a point where it looked like I had six months or more before I really had to go back to work for a living, and KFJC has been a favorite sand box of mine for years.

WAVES: What made you leave KFJC the first time?

GIBSON: I got a job at KFAT as assistant music director as well as on-air talent in the fall of 1979. I had been music director at KFJC since late 1977 and worked at it until late '79 before someone who had known me from KFJC took over as program director there (KFAT) and said, "I want you to do the housewife shift and be music director."

WAVES: How was it at KFAT?

GIBSON: Well, it was the best professional radio job I have ever had. There have been others that I've worked at, mostly down south. It was a challenge for me to learn country and western music which I really didn't know anything about at the time. I knew some blues and rockabilly and the goopy stuff that they played, but by and large there was no format really. When I look at what I see now on commercial radio, KFAT really was a special place.

WAVES: What was the wierdest thing you ever did at KFAT?

GIBSON: Oh you heard about that? I played the Sex Pistols on KFAT. It wasn't that weird musically, it was just the fact that the Sex Pistols on Fat radio must of pissed off a lot of cowboys driving around in the mudcake pick up trucks with their easy rider rifle racks. The program director never really yelled at me about that because I played Blind Willie McTell for him a lot and he liked that.

WAVES: What's the Gibson philosophy of music?

GIBSON: There isn't any.

WAVES: What about KFJC's productions?

GIBSON: In the ongoing battle between the survival of artistic expression vs. the necessary financial realities of radio, you're going to have to try to market it in some way, shape or form. KFJC is in a unique position in that we are fortunate enough to have a good size and a good area to broadcast into and can reach a lot of people. We have the ability to do things that are impossible in the commercial sphere of music. I think that's part of KFJC's responsibility.

WAVES: What have been the most consistent important aspects in the life of Gibson?

"Baseball is a microcosm of America: commerce, stupidity —you name it. It's rock'n'roll with bats!"

WAVES: Which teams have earned the Gibson seal of approval?

GIBSON: I like watching good baseball. I am a longtime Giants fan since I was five years old. I saw all of the great Giants teams, but at the same time I've also been forced to be around all the incredibly stupid things they've done over the years and I'm kind of the sarcastic Giant fan. You know, 'What'll they do next?' The A's are my team. Well, really since the early 70's when they fielded that amazing team. I'm not crazy about the things they do to entertain the crowd at the Coliseum, but I seem to have a good time. Because you go to Candlestick and people get into fights and they're rude and it's cold all the time. I go to the Colisium and it's still cold, but I have a better time there. Also I like the way they pay their people; they try to build their team and they have a good attitude about what they want. The A's are my boys. Baseball is a microcosm of America, commerce, stupidity, you name it. It's rock'n'roll with bats!

photo by Eric Predoehl

Oh, gee whiz Gibson, funny you should pick *That* one.

GIBSON: Beyond music, which is obviously numero uno, there's baseball, which is almost as important, there's fishing, there's automobiles, and the study of the amazing degree of lameness that we are constantly assaulted with and that over the years we have come to accept as normal.

WAVES: How about the world of baseball according to Gibson?

GIBSON: It is absolutely essential to a reasonable life in America. One guy said, and I forget who it was, that the thing that's great about baseball is that what little action you do see is interspersed between so much nothingness that it really seems great.

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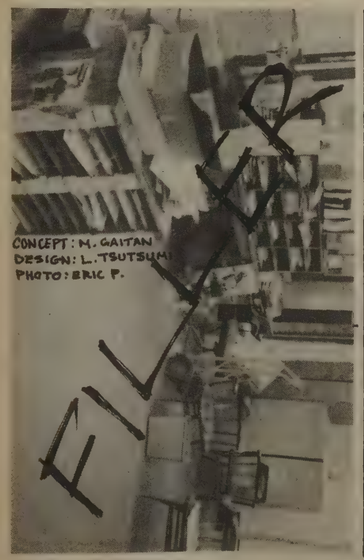

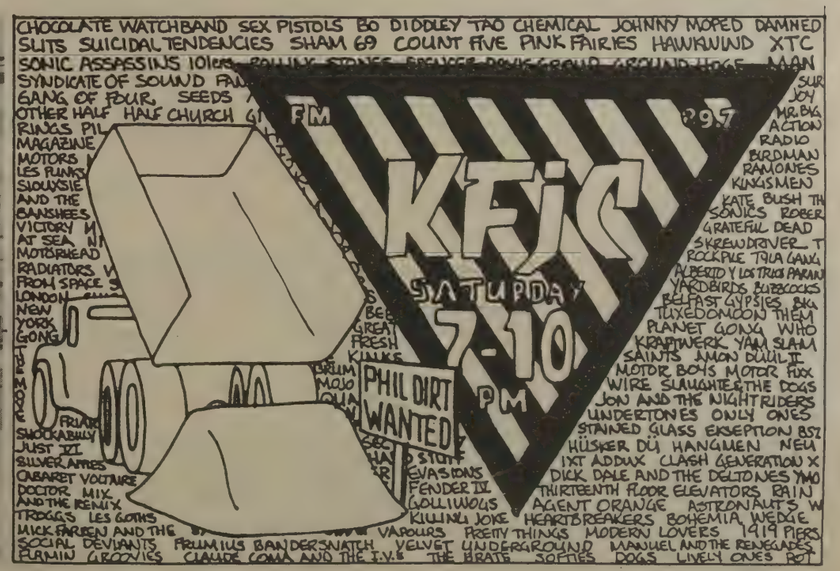

FILMS

BURDEN OF DREAMS

By Paul Hayter

The other evening I saw Werner Herzog's film, "Fitzcarraldo," and the documentary of its making, "Burden of Dreams." This film double-bill shows periodically at the Varsity in Palo Alto and at other second run theaters in the area.

"Fitzcarraldo" is about a man possessed to become rich in the rubber plantations of Brazil in order to use his wealth to endow an opera house in the Amazon jungle. The climax of the film is the hauling of a 30-ton river boat over an isthmus. Manual labor supplied by Indians with pulleys and rope drag the boat over the saddle between two mountains. For Hollywood, this might be a slightly peculiar story, but Werner Herzig is not Hollywood. Rather, he is a fiercely independent, brilliant film producer in his own right.

The second film on the double bill, "Burden of Dreams," documents the years it took Herzog to complete "Fitzcarraldo": his dealings with armed border disputes in the Amazon, politics with the native Indians, contending with the weather and filming on location in the Amazon jungle. Herzog has an artist's fanaticism for authenticity and realism. For him, filming on location in the jungle and with native Indians is fundamental to the film.

At this point, the plots of the documentary and the story merge. The 30-ton river boat in the film is actually pulled over the mountain by Indian labor, up a 45-degree mud incline., through a corridor carved through the dense Amazon rain forest. The character Fitzcarraldo had a dream to see opera in the jungle. Herzog has a dream to complete his film in the jungle. Both stop at nothing. Both pull the huge boat over the mountain.

For the viewer, after having seen the documentary, the fictional film "Fitzcarraldo" becomes the biography of Werner Herzog. It becomes impossible to separate the fiction of the film on screen from the realities in front of the camera and the man Werner Herzog. ▼

foot loose

By Karen Walheim

If a movie is going to call itself a musical, it had better have good music. If not, it had better be very interesting between the songs. Well, "Footloose" doesn't have either of those things going for it. The acting is so-so. The story is unbelievable, and so is the dancing.

So, with all this going against it, how come I liked "Footloose" so much? I'm not 15, my IQ is over 50, and I didn' like "Flashdance" at all. But after trying my best not to accept my true feelings, I am now fully confessing. I liked "Footloose"! (Some of you out there in radioland might not realize what effect this announcement will have on my career at KFJC.)

So now that I've got that off my chest, I can attempt to explain why I liked "Footloose." This isn't going to be easy. I didn't 'like' "Footloose" the same way I liked "Dr. Strangelove" and "The Deer Hunter." I just didn't hate it and was glad I saw it. It was sort of funny. Sure, the dancing was totally unbelievable: a town has outlawed dancing for five years, but all the kids know how to breakdance and boogie better than the Solid Gold Dancers.

"Footloose" was fun to watch, I kind of wish I could have had that much fun at my prom. And the love story isn't what you'd call original, but Kevin Bacon is handsome, and what's her name (Lori Singer) is pretty, so they can keep your attention. John Lithgow, as the obsessive town preacher who outlaws dancing and rock'n'roll, is a great actor, but the part he plays is so unreal his performance seems wasted.

Upcoming at the Bijou Theatre: 7/13

I knew this was going to be difficult. I still haven't got a good reason why anyone should like "Footloose," but I did. I'm not even sure why I told anybody I liked it, in print no less! Now I'm embarrassed.

ANDROID

Let's change the subject. The movie "Android" isn't anything like "Footloose," and I don't have to be ashamed to say I liked it. "Android" is a science fiction story set in the future about an android named Max. Max leads a rather dull life up in space along with his creator who is played by Klaus Kinski (father of Nasty). But things don't stay dull too long in this movie. "Android" is very witty and not as bizarre as you may think. Max is adorable. There's suspense, and a twisted ending that's as good as any on "The Twilight Zone." The special effects are pretty good, too.

I'm surprised this movie isn't more popular. If you're sick of movies like "Footloose," "Porkys," and "Friday the 13th," but want to see something that's semi-stupid and very funny, keep an eye open for "Android." It's a guaranteed midnight movie must.▼

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KFJC GOES TO EUROPE

Pam and Samantha and the DKs at Cherry Red Records in London

LONDON CALLING

By Don Surath

Before leaving for England, I asked Gibson, KFJC's music director, if he would like me to make contact with any British record companies. Gibson had three places for me to visit and I managed to visit all three of the companies on Gibson's list. The results were gratifying.

My first stop on a rainy London afternoon was Cherry Red Records. The first thing I noticed upon entering their third floor office on Kensington Garden Square was a collage of Dead Kennedy's info. Pam (left) and Samantha were cordial and interested in KFJC. Juliet got me all of their newest releases. She seemed interested in KFJC after seeing our playlist which showed one of their groups, Alien Sex Fiend, in the KFJC 1983 top 100.

Some of the records which Cherry Red is promoting are the new Eyeless in Gaza release, which has received good reviews at KFJC, and the new Alien Sex Fiend. They also gave us new releases by Felt, Body Beat Poets, Red Fox, and a compilation of non-British groups released by East West Trading which includes Holger Hiller and Zimmermanner.

Cherry Red Records "aims for obscure and unusual music. Music that no one else probably would release," according to Samantha. She feels that British music has peaked and gotten too commercial. Cherry Red which also encompasses Anagram, Africagram, and Zebra labels, is looking for foreign groups. If you are interested in contacting them, write to 53 Kinsington Garden Square, London W2 4BA.

I thought that my reception at Cherry Red was great until I stopped at Rough Trade on my way to the airport. When I walked through the door and announced I was from KFJC, Scott Piering turned to everybody and said, "KFJC is the best radio station in the San Francisco area." Then he turned to me and asked if we were still the best. I assured him that we were better than ever. Scott hustled around getting me everything new he could get his hands on. He came up with blues by Duke Robilar, new music by the Cocteau Twins, Chris and Cosey, Fac 88, his own group, Ut, and an ancient live concert by Big Brother and the Holding Company, recorded at the Fillmore West.

Scott told me that Rough Trade in London is moving slightly towards the middle in their musical taste. They still keep contact with Rough Trade in San Francisco, but the business is not as closely connected as it was. He added that San Francisco Rough Trade is still closer to the hard core base that it started at several years ago. ▼

CASA OCCUPATA

By Don Surath

I had been in Milan for a few days when I started to wonder if there was any hardcore music there. The record stores ranged from boring to wimpy. Deejay radio, the big station in Milan, sounded not as good as K101. Michael Jackson was being played in rapid rotation. The number one Italian pop singer was Vasco Rossi (boring). There were few punks on the streets. Not speaking Italian well, I hesitated to ask any of them if they knew where to find hardcore.

On my fourth day in Milan I wandered into the Fiorucci store which had a large record department; I started to look around. Seeing a group of haircuts in the corner, I asked if anyone spoke English. One guy did. He told me where I could find the hardcore folks in Milan.

There is a group of squatters who have lived in a place called "Casa Occupata" for over nine years. They have started a club called "Virus." If you go there after 9 p.m., I was told, you can buy hardcore records. He gave me the subway stop and address. I gave him a KFJC sticker and button.

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FILMS

BURDEN OF DREAMS

By Paul Hayter

The other evening I saw Werner Herzog's film, "Fitzcarraldo," and the documentary of its making, "Burden of Dreams." This film double-bill shows periodically at the Varsity in Palo Alto and at other second run theaters in the area.

"Fitzcarraldo" is about a man possessed to become rich in the rubber plantations of Brazil in order to use his wealth to endow an opera house in the Amazon jungle. The climax of the film is the hauling of a 30-ton river boat over an isthmus. Manual labor supplied by Indians with pulleys and rope drag the boat over the saddle between two mountains. For Hollywood, this might be a slightly peculiar story, but Werner Herzig is not Hollywood. Rather, he is a fiercely independent, brilliant film producer in his own right.

The second film on the double bill, "Burden of Dreams," documents the years it took Herzog to complete "Fitzcarraldo": his dealings with armed border disputes in the Amazon, politics with the native Indians, contending with the weather and filming on location in the Amazon jungle. Herzog has an artist's fanaticism for authenticity and realism. For him, filming on location in the jungle and with native Indians is fundamental to the film.

At this point, the plots of the documentary and the story merge. The 30-ton river boat in the film is actually pulled over the mountain by Indian labor, up a 45-degree mud incline., through a corridor carved through the dense Amazon rain forest. The character Fitzcarraldo had a dream to see opera in the jungle. Herzog has a dream to complete his film in the jungle. Both stop at nothing. Both pull the huge boat over the mountain.

For the viewer, after having seen the documentary, the fictional film "Fitzcarraldo" becomes the biography of Werner Herzog. It becomes impossible to separate the fiction of the film on screen from the realities in front of the camera and the man Werner Herzog. ▼

foot loose

By Karen Walheim

If a movie is going to call itself a musical, it had better have good music. If not, it had better be very interesting between the songs. Well, "Footloose" doesn't have either of those things going for it. The acting is so-so. The story is unbelievable, and so is the dancing.

So, with all this going against it, how come I liked "Footloose" so much? I'm not 15, my IQ is over 50, and I didn' like "Flashdance" at all. But after trying my best not to accept my true feelings, I am now fully confessing. I liked "Footloose"! (Some of you out there in radioland might not realize what effect this announcement will have on my career at KFJC.)

So now that I've got that off my chest, I can attempt to explain why I liked "Footloose." This isn't going to be easy. I didn't 'like' "Footloose" the same way I liked "Dr. Strangelove" and "The Deer Hunter." I just didn't hate it and was glad I saw it. It was sort of funny. Sure, the dancing was totally unbelievable: a town has outlawed dancing for five years, but all the kids know how to breakdance and boogie better than the Solid Gold Dancers.

"Footloose" was fun to watch, I kind of wish I could have had that much fun at my prom. And the love story isn't what you'd call original, but Kevin Bacon is handsome, and what's her name (Lori Singer) is pretty, so they can keep your attention. John Lithgow, as the obsessive town preacher who outlaws dancing and rock'n'roll, is a great actor, but the part he plays is so unreal his performance seems wasted.

Upcoming at the Bijou Theatre: 7/13

I knew this was going to be difficult. I still haven't got a good reason why anyone should like "Footloose," but I did. I'm not even sure why I told anybody I liked it, in print no less! Now I'm embarrassed.

ANDROID

Let's change the subject. The movie "Android" isn't anything like "Footloose," and I don't have to be ashamed to say I liked it. "Android" is a science fiction story set in the future about an android named Max. Max leads a rather dull life up in space along with his creator who is played by Klaus Kinski (father of Nasty). But things don't stay dull too long in this movie. "Android" is very witty and not as bizarre as you may think. Max is adorable. There's suspense, and a twisted ending that's as good as any on "The Twilight Zone." The special effects are pretty good, too.

I'm surprised this movie isn't more popular. If you're sick of movies like "Footloose," "Porkys," and "Friday the 13th," but want to see something that's semi-stupid and very funny, keep an eye open for "Android." It's a guaranteed midnight movie must. ▼

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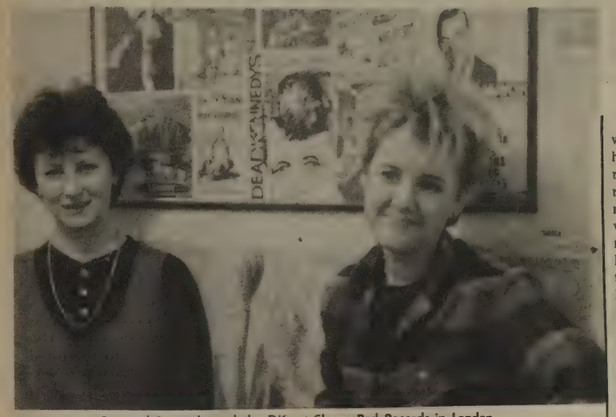

Pam and Samantha and the DKs at Cherry Red Records in London

LONDON CALLING

By Don Surath

Before leaving for England, I asked Gibson, KFJC's music director, if he would like me to make contact with any British record companies. Gibson had three places for me to visit and I managed to visit all three of the companies on Gibson's list. The results were gratifying.

My first stop on a rainy London afternoon was Cherry Red Records. The first thing I noticed upon entering their third floor office on Kensington Garden Square was a collage of Dead Kennedy's info. Pam (left) and Samantha were cordial and interested in KFJC. Juliet got me all of their newest releases. She seemed interested in KFJC after seeing our playlist which showed one of their groups, Alien Sex Fiend, in the KFJC 1983 top 100.

Some of the records which Cherry Red is promoting are the new Eyeless in Gaza release, which has received good reviews at KFJC, and the new Alien Sex Fiend. They also gave us new releases by Felt, Body Beat Poets, Red Fox, and a compilation of non-British groups released by East West Trading which includes Holger Hiller and Zimmermanner.

Cherry Red Records "aims for obscure and unusual music. Music that no one else probably would release," according to Samantha. She feels that British music has peaked and gotten too commercial. Cherry Red which also encompasses Anagram, Africagram, and Zebra labels, is looking for foreign groups. If you are interested in contacting them, write to 53 Kinsington Garden Square, London W2 4BA.

I thought that my reception at Cherry Red was great until I stopped at Rough Trade on my way to the airport. When I walked through the door and announced I was from KFJC, Scott Piering turned to everybody and said, "KFJC is the best radio station in the San Francisco area." Then he turned to me and asked if we were still the best. I assured him that we were better than ever. Scott hustled around getting me everything new he could get his hands on. He came up with blues by Duke Robilar, new music by the Cocteau Twins, Chris and Cosey, Fac 88, his own group, Ut, and an ancient live concert by Big Brother and the Holding Company, recorded at the Fillmore West.

Scott told me that Rough Trade in London is moving slightly towards the middle in their musical taste. They still keep contact with Rough Trade in San Francisco, but the business is not as closely connected as it was. He added that San Francisco Rough Trade is still closer to the hard core base that it started at several years ago. ▼

CASA OCCUPATA

By Don Surath

I had been in Milan for a few days when I started to wonder if there was any hardcore music there. The record stores ranged from boring to wimpy. Deejay radio, the big station in Milan, sounded not as good as K101. Michael Jackson was being played in rapid rotation. The number one Italian pop singer was Vasco Rossi (boring). There were few punks on the streets. Not speaking Italian well, I hesitated to ask any of them if they knew where to find hardcore.

On my fourth day in Milan I wandered into the Fiorucci store which had a large record department; I started to look around. Seeing a group of haircuts in the corner, I asked if anyone spoke English. One guy did. He told me where I could find the hardcore folks in Milan.

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VINYL LIFE

The Minutemen
"The Politics of Time"
LP (New Alliance Records)

The Minutemen are a trio of your normal, average, working class guys from the Southern California harbor community of San Pedro. Together they write and perform amazing, insightful songs, most of which last about a minute, as their name implies. They are perhaps the most prolific band around, having about 300 songs in their repertoire by their own estimation. Their music is difficult to classify. Taking punk music as a basis, they add elements of funk, jazz, Country and Western, and even avante-garde.

The Minutemen are D. Boon (guitar and vocals), Mike Watt (bass and vocals), and George Hurley (drums). Since their formation in early 1980, they've released four EPs and three LPS, as well as cuts on easily a dozen compilation albums.

"The Politics of Time" is their second album and is on the New Alliance Label, which is owned and run by the Minutemen themselves as an outlet for many So. Cal punk and experimental artists. This record is a must for true Minutemen fans, as it contains some very unusual material. New fans will also find it refreshing and enjoyable.

This is not an album of all-new songs, but rather a hodge-podge of Minutemen recordings: live, studio, and even in a desert, from January '79 to September '83. The cover notes give all the information about all the songs. Five of the 27 songs here ("Base King," "Working Men Are Pissed," "Shit You Hear At Parties," "Maternal Rite," and "Part With Me Punker") have been released on various compilations in recent months. All the live material is previously unreleased except for "Fanatics," which was on the first LP. The oldest song on this LP is "Tony Gets Wasted in Pedro," recorded when they called themselves the Reactionaries and were fronted by a lead vocalist, Martin Tamburovich. This song is sluggish by their standards and even has a break for a guitar solo. Another interesting number, "Tune For Wind God," was recorded last year at "a dried riverbed in the Mojave Desert near Victorville, CA." It is a frantic, instrumental jam with D. Boon's guitar leading the whole thing.

Other songs of interest: "Times" and "Badges" (with "Thanks to Sierra Madre") which were recorded in Watt's living room with only himself on bass and vocals; and the set of seven songs recorded live in '80 at the Bla Bla Cafe in Studio City, CA. The recording quality is only okay on these. Also, "The Process" and "Joy Jam," recorded at KPFK-FM in Studio City, from 1982. The latter features the renowned Spot (producer, engineer, sound man for Black Flag, Sacchireine Trust, the Stains, et al) on clarinet; and finally, winning the award for the world's worst quality recording, "Fanatics." Recorded last year in Brixton, England, during their British and European tour, it must have been taped at the very back of the building using a beat-up, $20 Radio Shack special. There is barely a song audible above the hum and distortion. But showing their sense of humor, the Minutemen decided to throw it on this album anyway.

Overall, "The Politics of Time" is definitely worthwhile. It shows a side of the Minutemen not previously seen and proves again that this is the most overlooked band in the American underground music scene today. Watch for a double album from them this summer.

—Lyle Sanda

"From the Valley Within" (EP)

A San Jose compilation album featuring Ribsy, the Faction, Grim Reality, Mistaken Identity, this 4-band, 8-song EP is the brain-child of the Faction. The best known band on the record, the Faction already have an album to their credit. A song by Ribsy also appeared on Max, R&R's No. Cal collection "Not So Quiet On The Western Front." Mistaken Identity is a bunch of youngsters who haven't been around as long as the others; they have a demo tape out.

I really enjoyed this EP. Although all the bands can be categorized as "Punk Rock" (if categories are needed), each has a different style and sound.

The Faction's contributions may be the strongest cuts on the record. "The Demons Are Coming," with its driving chorus, is one of the best Faction songs ever.

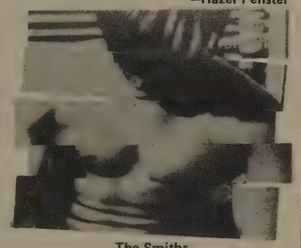
Ribsy is the most off-the-wall band here. Interesting guitar technique make their songs stand out. Ribsy is showing a lot of promise these days; hope they can keep it together and do something with it!

The Grim Reality songs are great, old style R&R punk rock (my favorite!). They have the best artwork on the liner sheet, and "Dead Soldier" has a chorus that will drive you nuts! A top-requested band on KFJC, as well.

Finally, Mistaken Identity, the roughest sounding band on the record. Personally, I don't see that as a problem and this is basic punk with quite respectable guitar playing.

All in all, "From the Valley Within" is an economical package — no waste, no junk. I like it a lot.

—Hazel Fenster



The Smiths
"The Smiths"

The debut album by the Smiths, the band who did singles like "This Charming Man," is half good and half just Morrissey wanting to sing all of his own lyrics. The music, written by guitarist Johnny Marr, is nothing special, but it is adequate/appropriate for Morrissey's song structure, which has little structure. The songs all sound alike and this album may have been no different if they had one long continuous song on both sides.

Morrissey is an interesting vocalist, though the three note downward slides get repetitive. My favorite songs on this album are "Reel Around the Fountain," "You've Got Everything Now," "This Charming Man," and the slower "Suffer Little Children." The themes expressed in the lyrics are diverse, mostly relating to Morrissey's experiences and relationships.

The Smiths are already recording their next album, which will probably have similar material since they wrote it around the same time as this album. They are nice to listen to while you are busy, and I bet they will influence a few other bands.

– Suzanne Severe

Jon and the Nightriders
"Charge of the Nightriders" (Enigma17)

This is the long awaited third LP from one of the most accurate surf bands on the scene today. Accurate is a word I don't use lightly here. Many of the surf bands playing today are johnny-come-latelies to surf music, save the Surfaris, Dick Dale, and the Packards. John Blair, on the other hand, has roots in surf bands as far back as '62 or '63 when he was a member of a Riverside outfit called the Bluenotes. These chaps were not your common rock'n' rollers. Oh no! The Bluenotes were thematic as all get-out. They had blue shirts, blue pants, blue (suede?) shoes, and (anti-social) blue hair! After John left, they merged with the Goldtones to become the Misunderstood, who went to the U.K. to have several big hits prior to becoming Juicy Lucy (remember the juicy fruit all over the 40-year-old female good time?).

But enough of the old. Jon and the Nightriders' early singles, all quite rare and wonderful, hinted of a new wave of REAL SURF TUNES. Then came "Surf Beat '80" and the absolutely definitive surf LP of the 80's, "Jon and the Nightriders Live at the Whiskey A GO-GO." A change of producers, from Thom Wilson to Shel Talmy (who produced the Who, the Creation, and others in the 60's) has brought a leaner, dryer sound to the new LP "Charge of the Nightriders." Now, here's where it could have gotten sticky. You see, real surf music has a "wet" sound to it provided by spring reverb and band room accoustics. The reduction in the reverb and the cleanliness of the sound on this LP (from which came last year's "Splashback" medley b/w "El Paso," "Baja," "Ready Steady Rock Jetty" — the last three don't appear on the new LP) surprisingly doesn't detract from the authenticity. It's not as powerful as the live LP.

Side one starts off with the title track, a novelty piece I'd just as soon do without; besides, the Evasions did a more interesting version last year. The last track on side one is a weak cover of the Shadows' "Man of Mystery." The Shadows were Cliff Richard's backing band. They produced several solo LPs, one of which was titled "Surfin' with the Shadows," though it had very little to do with the real surf sound. After all, how many surfers could there be in the U.K.? Of course, the Who's Keith Moon was in a surf band before he joined the Who. Anyway, this is not particularly feeling or interesting.

The second track on side two is a high-spirited cover of Dick Dale's "The Wedge." "The Wedge," "Hit Man," "Geronimo" and "Moon Cricket" are the high points of the LP. The last track is a sort of surfed-up cover of "Honky Tonk" that's out of place here.

Anyway, I like Jon and the Nightriders a lot, and this LP will stand up to many listenings in the years to come, right along with the Astronauts' "Surfin" LP, most of Dick Dale's stuff, and many other fine surf beat recordings.

Surf's Up!

—Phil Dirt

Men Lying Around On Couches
"Underpants" LP (Blank Records)

The recent break-up of the Silver Cring, Pennsylvania's infamous trio of scumbags, has led to the formation of what some are calling the "supergroup" of the 80's. Unfortunately, it is doubtful that anyone will ever hear their music.

Cringe drummer Screen, who left the group because they ran out of beer, has gone West and has hooked up with KFJC disc jockey and part-time Cringe songwriter Winston Q to form Men Lying Around On Couches.

"The basic philosophy of the new group," says Screen, "is that work is a disgusting word. We hate it, and we hate anyone who does it."

"People shouldn't work," explains Winston. "People should lie around on couches and drink beer. If everybody did that, there would not be wars. I mean, when you think about it, shooting somebody is really a lot of work."

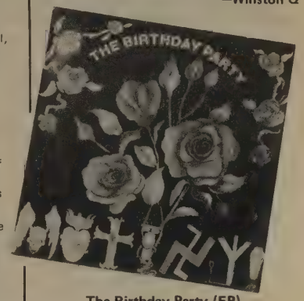
The duo has written an album's worth of material and at one point nearly entered the studio to record what would have been their first LP, "Underpants." However, it was decided that actually recording the album would have been too much work, so the idea was scrapped in favor of drinking beer.

Though the "Underpants" LP may never be released, fans of Men Lying Around on Coucnes can look forward to seeing the boys during their planned summer tour of local pubs. Most likely the group will drink beer rather than perform.

Screen reports that Men Lying Around On Couches are close to signing a five-year deal with Blank Records which calls for the band to not record ten albums.

"All we need is somebody to sign for us," he says. "Signing it ourselves would be work."

—Winston Q



The Birthday Party (EP)
"Mutiny"

On first listening to this import by the Birthday Party, I was struck by the combination of rather pained vocals with a musical sound which is more abrasive than, but reminiscent of, early Jefferson Airplane or the Seeds. But though the guitars twang and the tambourines echo, recalling young psychedelia, the similarity ends there. This music is not concerned with the relatively minor pains of simple lost or unrequited love as was much of that psychedelic genre of 60's music. This music speaks of darkness, hopelessness and genuine misery, and it does so in such a way as to chill the bones of the attentive listener.

"Mutiny" offers four songs (perhaps "dirges" is more appropriate), each quite distinctive and each dealing with a different type of pain. As it pounds slowly along, drums and tambourine crashing, "Jennifer's Veil" almost has the quality of a death march. This piece evokes a feeling of blackness and mystery which, coupled with the cryptic lyrics, communicates something almost supernatural: "She drew the curtain on her face/Ever since they came and burnt the ol' place down/Why is she searching thru the ashes?/Why, only Jennifer knows that now."

The other three selections on this EP are delivered in a much rougher and less deliberate manner than "Jennifer's Veil." My favorite of all of them is "Mutiny in Heaven," which deals with drug addiction and perverse horrors experienced in a ghetto Catholic church: "If this is Heaven, ah'm bailin out! Ah cain't tolerate this ol' tin-tub/So fulla trash and rats!/Felt one crawl across mah soul/for a seckon there, ah thought ah wassa back down in the ghetto!" Not only do we get the stimulation of vivid, blistering lyrics, but the rhythm of Tracy Pew's incessently repeating bass line rising and falling with the emotions expressed gets pain and desperation across to the listener very clearly. As for the escape from these ghetto horrors: "Well ah tied on . . . perched on mah bed, ah was . . . stickin a needle in mah arm . . . Ah tied off! . . . [redacted] wings burst out mah back (like ah was cuttin teeth!! Ah took off!!!)." Vocalist Nick Cave delivers these lyrics with such intensity that I could see this poor devil, see the wings begin to protrude and suddenly flap open from his shoulders, and feel the insidious strength he felt as he "bailed out."

B-SIDE ..... OF VINYL LIFE .....

The other two cuts on "Mutiny" are "Swampland" and "Sayaspell." "Swampland" is intriguing at first, as the music offers a fast pace with a background of horrific sounds (muffled screams and moans), a threatening, crawling bass and an impatient thumping drumbeat. But the excessive screaming and gravel-voiced delivery of vocalist Cave turns out to be overkill in this story of a criminal being pursued by bounty hunters through the bog. Again, the words are gems: "They cum wit boots of blood/wit pitchfork and wit club/Chantin' out mah name," but they seem to get lost in the noise. "Sayaspell" offers the best example of the use of Rowland S. Howard's tinny, clear, country-blues flavored guitar. The lyrics on this cut are a bit more engimatic than the others, but the music is interesting and expressive. The vocals are clean, and the beat of drummer Mick Harvey is bluesy and has the rhythmic punch of burlesque.

While resembling some 60's music, "Mutiny" also brings to mind the dirgy sound of "Gonna Rob the Sperm Bank" by Scandinavian band the Ex. "Mutiny" is a pleasing (albeit somewhat macabre) discovery for me. If you are fainthearted, don't bother, but if you like the sounds of the simple tools of rock (bass, drums, guitar) used powerfully, and find expressive, intelligent lyrics a nice prospect, you might want to check out "Mutiny" by the Birthday Party.

—Marlene Hegarty

Laurie Anderson
"Mister Heartbreak"

Two years in the waiting, the second Laurie Anderson LP appears on a major label (Warner Bros.) and is being promoted extensively. Happily, her music has retained its original inventiveness.

The most obvious difference between "Mister Heartbreak" and her first effort, "Big Science" (which contained the single, "O Superman"), is that this work contains collaborations with big names such as Adrian Belew, William Burroughs, Phoebe Snow, Bill Laswell, and Peter Gabriel. This may have been an attempt by the label to market the album, or perhaps, as members of the artistic community, they came together due to their esprit de corps. I'd lay good odds it was a marketing approach.

Big names on an album are great, but "Mister Heartbreak" sounds less like Laurie Anderson than "Big Science." The song "Excellent Birds" by Gabriel and Anderson belongs on Gabriel LP — it doesn't match the style of the rest of the album. Some of the guitar work sounds like it was created for Adrian Belew rather than he being sought out to fill a definite need in the work.

Nevertheless, the album is great. The music still avant garde with peculiar melodies and changing rhythm and texture. Though it becomes somewhat ambient at points, there are no solely instrumental pieces. A large part of the vocals are spoken rather than sung and she makes frequent use of a vocoder and other electronics, but the music doesn't sound electronic. In fact, a mixture of the bowls and bells, woodblocks and whistles, pieces of plywood, bamboo, and various sound effects give the album a diversity of sounds not often found in modern music.

It's hard to classify Laurie Anderson, so let's not. Instead, let's speak of the album, which is set in a tropical paradise on a small island. The songs, "Blue Lagoon," "Kokou," and "Languid d'Amour," refer to the island explicitly, while the others have undertones of jungle sounds, strange birds, and wooden instruments. The title, "Mister Heartbreak," refers to a character named Sharkey whose world we have entered as we listen to the album. The world begins with "Sharkey's Day" and ends after "Sharkey's Night."

Most of the recording for the LP was done in Laurie's home studio in her loft on Canal Street in New York City. Only for the more ambient tracks did she rent out a studio with large, good sounding rooms.

The song that resembles "Big Science" the most is the cut, "Gravity's Angel." Very much like "O Superman," there is a tape loop style track laid beneath the entire song, but instead of a voice, she uses David van Tieghem playing a metal bowl. This cut also contains superb bass work by Bill Laswell and a story dedicated to Thomas Pynchon. The moral of the story is, "The higher you fly, the faster you fall."

Laurie Anderson has risen to great heights very quickly. Let's hope she does not forsake her artistic ability for the sake of selling albums.

—Lou York

Killing Joke — Eighties (EP)
The Youth & Ben Watkins —
The Empty Quarter

Killing Joke has been one of the most consistent bands of the last five years, successfully honing distinctive experimental melodies with traditional rock power and rhythm to create a sound that's sometimes frightening, sometimes repetitious, often teetering on the brink between melody and dissonance, but almost always exciting. After their last single, an ill-advised (though not altogether unsuccessful) attempt at doing a pop song, "Me Or You," "Eighties" sounded like a reassuring return to Killing Joke's strong points: immense-sounding guitar, stomping drums, and Jaz Coleman's anthemic screaming. After a few listens, however, it dawned on me that these were the same strong points that Killing Joke had in all their songs, but unlike the others this one doesn't add anything new. For the first time in a career spanning four albums and a handful of singles, Killing Joke have put out what can be described as a "typical" Killing Joke song.

"Eighties" starts out with a promising guitar riff (though it sounds like you've heard it before — a bad sign). The rhythm section kicks in with characteristic fierceness, and Jaz espouses on the difficulties of this modern age, but somehow the song never really takes off. The production is one reason; knob-twiddler Chris Kimsey makes the band sound as if you're hearing them through a wet blanket. The lyrics don't exactly corner the market in cleverness either ("Eighties/I'm living in the eighties/Eighties/I have to push, I have to struggle"). The 12" EP contains three versions of the song (and nothing else — another bad sign; new material hard to come by?) my pick of which is the "Serious Dance Mix" for its better-than-average studio trickery and the prominent bass. There's also a normal version and one called "The Coming Mix," which should have been called "The Pointless Mix," as it serves no purpose whatsoever. Altogether that's 13 minutes and 35 seconds of the same song which, if listened to all the way through, will fulfill one's appetite for hearing the word "eighties" for years to come.

I hope Killing Joke doesn't join the increasingly long list of good bands that have gone irretrievably downhill in the last year or so. I think that to prevent that they should consider a serious rethink of their sound or they may lapse into an aging band's most tempting vice: self-parody. "Eighties" isn't that great, but I'm far from giving up hope yet.

YouthYouth, ex-Killing Joke bass player, currently the nucleus of funk/dirge band Brilliant and general bassist-at-large, has taken a decidely different tack than his old band mates. His latest project is a collaboration with a fellow named Ben Watkins entitled "The Empty Quarter." It is a soundtrack to an English play called "Street Captives, " so not surprisingly the music (entirely written and performed by Youth and Watkins, with a little help from friends on cello, oboe, and percussion) is pretty low-key — kind of a cross between Brilliant and Throbbing Gristle. The opening track, "Incompresssible Megalasaurians," is probably the most "musical" cut: a moody funk number with distinctively Youthful bass-playing. The remaining seven "songs" are just mood pieces, ranging from quietly pretty to quietly noisy (ala Gristle), but like all good soundtracks, "The Empty Quarter" sounds incomplete without its accompanying visual images. Most effective when listened to late at night in the dark.

I believe that a really special musical chemistry was lost when Youth left Killing Joke, so it's interesting to compare the two elements when they are separated. Killing Joke always had "rockish" tendencies, but Youth added an exotic flavor that gave their music color and distinction. Killing Joke sans Youth is still as strong as ever, but it sounds as if it's more of a struggle for them not to sound "normal." Youth is still a vital experimenter, but he lacks the solid framework that Killing Joke supplied. Ah well, I guess change is what it's all about, isn't it . . .

—Joshua Vox

Green on Red
"Gravity Talks (Slash Records)

Green on Red is one of those L.A. Paisley anti-synth pop bands whose name is legion but whose game is way ahead of the pack. Their music sounds like Byrds without harmonies; Pink Floyd without paranoia; Doors without angst . . . in other words, they take what they love and somehow make it their own. They wear their influences firmly on their sleeve, they rely on more conventions than the Holiday Inn in August, but nevertheless, "Gravity Talks" is a great album — one that completely lacks guile.

Dan Stuart, lead singer and songwriter for the band, is a man who is ultimately concerned with one thing, and one thing only: himself. But unlike the irritating self-concerned stance of artists like, say, Joni Mitchell, or the preachy, worried musings of Jackson Browne, Stuart's ethos is quite often amusing — and sometimes serious, without being maudlin. The bothersome thing about most "socially aware" bands from L.A. is their pretense. They seem so sure that what they are saying is profound. (If you believed the Eagles, for instance, the sins of the fathers could be traced directly to the invention of spike high heels for women.) Green on Red ponders lots of questions, but they don't think that they know the answers — or even that any of their grandiose statements are momentous. They aren't falsely introspective.

"Gravity Talks" does have a few problems, such as overuse of boring Doors-like organ, and the way that almost every song on the first side begins with the same chords and has the same tune. But in general, every track is a good track. It's a mightily consistent album by current standards; and when the music starts to roar and reel around on songs like "Abigail's Ghost," "Deliverance," "Snake Bit" and "Cheap Wine," it's just about impossible not to like them.

Green on Red is a band which sounds very pure of heart — funny, innocent, unconcerned; supremely oblivious to the whims of fashion. The lyrics aren't quite as acidheaded as one might expect, nor is the music as Neil Youngish as it probably wishes it was. Don't be put off by GOR's post-60's retro-hippie image. To paraphrase Bob Dylan: gravity doesn't just talk — it swears!

—Gina Arnold

Captain Sensible
"The Power of Love"

Since the demise of the Soft Boys, Robyn Hitchcock has not been idle. He's put out two great solo LPs and most recently he's put some of his talent into the dubious solo career of Captain Sensible. Through the late 70's, the Captain was chiefly known as the loony lead guitarist of the lamentably unrecognized Damned. His solo LP, "Women and Captains First," was a delightfully giddy showcase of a true talent. Sensible could write and sing great pop songs which benefited from a balance between the Captain's happy-go-lucky guitar and keyboard work and producer Tony Mansfield's tasty synthesizer polish. Hitchcock contributed a co-write and a guitar part to one song and "First" was an all-around fun album for both the listeners and creators.

With the Damned now apparently unable to get so much as a record contract (is there any justice?!?), I was looking forward to any display of talent from the Damned camp. Unfortunately, "The Power of Love" is an apathetic, lifeless affair virtually devoid of the charm, humor or talent that Captain Sensible had proven himself capable of.

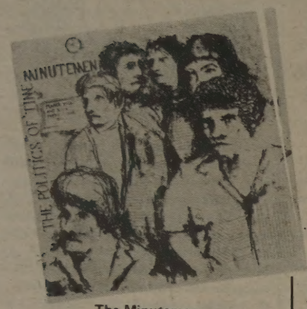
The album starts pleasantly enough with his current single, "I'm a Spider," which, while more reminiscent of Earth, Wind, and Fire than the Damned, is still catchy and fun. The album goes downhill from there, sinking into a sticky morass of sickly-sweet synthesizers and terminal overproduction. "Stop the World" still sounds fine, and one or two others (the title track and possibly "Hard To Believe I'm Not") are passable, but overall, "Power" is the vinyl equivalent of a sugar depression.

The problem isn't so much what Sensible did as what he didn't do. The songs, usually co-written with Hitchcock and/or Mansfield and a few remarkable covers, seem like throwaways: hackneyed melodies thrown together with no creativity invested at all. "Thanks for the Night" is even a direct cop of the Damned's own "Ignite," substituting a lame synthetic drum pattern in place of Rat Scabies' deft skin-bashing. The Captain is starting to take himself seriously as a pop crooner too, which is a mistake since his technically adequate vocals lack the emotional depth that could have saved some of this material. The most conspicuous thing missing, however, is the Captain himself. Numerous session musicians appear and Tony Mansfield handles most of the keyboard, guitar and percussion duties, leaving Sensible with "assorted instruments and sing(ing)," making the album Tony Mansfield's as much as, if not more than, Sensible's.

The inner sleeve of "Power of Love" is made up of pictures of the Captain and his recording crew bedecked in tuxedos and evening gowns, cavorting about and having just a grand old time. This time though, the listeners aren't.

—Joshua Vox

VINYL LIFE



The Minutemen
"The Politics of Time"
LP (New Alliance Records)

The Minutemen are a trio of your normal, average, working class guys from the Southern California harbor community of San Pedro. Together they write and perform amazing, insightful songs, most of which last about a minute, as their name implies. They are perhaps the most prolific band around, having about 300 songs in their repertoire by their own estimation. Their music is difficult to classify. Taking punk music as a basis, they add elements of funk, jazz, Country and Western, and even avante-garde.

The Minutemen are D. Boon (guitar and vocals), Mike Watt (bass and vocals), and George Hurley (drums). Since their formation in early 1980, they've released four EPs and three LPS, as well as cuts on easily a dozen compilation albums.

"The Politics of Time" is their second album and is on the New Alliance Label, which is owned and run by the Minutemen themselves as an outlet for many So. Cal punk and experimental artists. This record is a must for true Minutemen fans, as it contains some very unusual material. New fans will also find it refreshing and enjoyable.

This is not an album of all-new songs, but rather a hodge-podge of Minutemen recordings: live, studio, and even in a desert, from January '79 to September '83. The cover notes give all the information about all the songs. Five of the 27 songs here ("Base King," "Working Men Are Pissed," "Shit You Hear At Parties," "Maternal Rite," and "Part With Me Punker") have been released on various compilations in recent months. All the live material is previously unreleased except for "Fanatics," which was on the first LP. The oldest song on this LP is "Tony Gets Wasted in Pedro," recorded when they called themselves the Reactionaries and were fronted by a lead vocalist, Martin Tamburovich. This song is sluggish by their standards and even has a break for a guitar solo. Another interesting number, "Tune For Wind God," was recorded last year at "a dried riverbed in the Mojave Desert near Victorville, CA." It is a frantic, instrumental jam with D. Boon's guitar leading the whole thing.

Other songs of interest: "Times" and "Badges" (with "Thanks to Sierra Madre") which were recorded in Watt's living room with only himself on bass and vocals; and the set of seven songs recorded live in '80 at the Bla Bla Cafe in Studio City, CA. The recording quality is only okay on these. Also, "The Process" and "Joy Jam," recorded at KPFK-FM in Studio City, from 1982. The latter features the renowned Spot (producer, engineer, sound man for Black Flag, Sacchireine Trust, the Stains, et al) on clarinet; and finally, winning the award for the world's worst quality recording, "Fanatics." Recorded last year in Brixton, England, during their British and European tour, it must have been taped at the very back of the building using a beat-up, $20 Radio Shack special. There is barely a song audible above the hum and distortion. But showing their sense of humor, the Minutemen decided to throw it on this album anyway.

Overall, "The Politics of Time" is definitely worthwhile. It shows a side of the Minutemen not previously seen and proves again that this is the most overlooked band in the American underground music scene today. Watch for a double album from them this summer.

—Lyle Sanda

"From the Valley Within" (EP)

A San Jose compilation album featuring Ribsy, the Faction, Grim Reality, Mistaken Identity, this 4-band, 8-song EP is the brainchild of the Faction. The best known band on the record, the Faction already have an album to their credit. A song by Ribsy also appeared on Max, R&R's No. Cal collection "Not So Quiet On The Western Front." Mistaken Identity is a bunch of youngsters who haven't been around as long as the others; they have a demo tape out.

I really enjoyed this EP. Although all the bands can be categorized as "Punk Rock" (if categories are needed), each has a different style and sound.

The Faction's contributions may be the strongest cuts on the record. "The Demons Are Coming," with its driving chorus, is one of the best Faction songs ever.

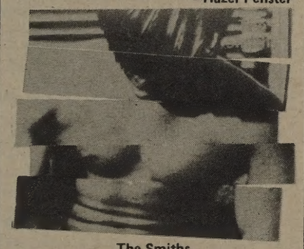
Ribsy is the most off-the-wall band here. Interesting guitar technique make their songs stand out. Ribsy is showing a lot of promise these days; hope they can keep it together and do something with it!

The Grim Reality songs are great, old style R&R punk rock (my favorite!). They have the best artwork on the liner sheet, and "Dead Soldier" has a chorus that will drive you nuts! A top-requested band on KFJC, as well.

Finally, Mistaken Identity, the roughest sounding band on the record. Personally, I don't see that as a problem and this is basic punk with quite respectable guitar playing.

All in all, "From the Valley Within" is an economical package — no waste, no junk. I like it a lot.

—Hazel Fenster



The Smiths
"The Smiths"

The debut album by the Smiths, the band who did singles like "This Charming Man," is half good and half just Morrissey wanting to sing all of his own lyrics. The music, written by guitarist Johnny Marr, is nothing special, but it is adequate/appropriate for Morrissey's song structure, which has little structure. The songs all sound alike and this album may have been no different if they had one long continuous song on both sides.

Morrissey is an interesting vocalist, though the three note downward slides get repetitive. My favorite songs on this album are "Reel Around the Fountain," "You've Got Everything Now," "This Charming Man," and the slower "Suffer Little Children." The themes expressed in the lyrics are diverse, mostly relating to Morrissey's experiences and relationships.

The Smiths are already recording their next album, which will probably have similar material since they wrote it around the same time as this album. They are nice to listen to while you are busy, and I bet they will influence a few other bands.

– Suzanne Severe

Jon and the Nightriders
"Charge of the Nightriders" (Enigma17)

This is the long awaited third LP from one of the most accurate surf bands on the scene today. Accurate is a word I don't use lightly here. Many of the surf bands playing today are johnny-come-latelies to surf music, save the Surfaris, Dick Dale, and the Packards. John Blair, on the other hand, has roots in surf bands as far back as '62 or '63 when he was a member of a Riverside outfit called the Bluenotes. These chaps were not your common rock'n' rollers. Oh no! The Bluenotes were thematic as all get-out. They had blue shirts, blue pants, blue (suede?) shoes, and (anti-social) blue hair! After John left, they merged with the Goldtones to become the Misunderstood, who went to the U.K. to have several big hits prior to becoming Juicy Lucy (remember the juicy fruit all over the 40-year-old female good time?).

But enough of the old. Jon and the Nightriders' early singles, all quite rare and wonderful, hinted of a new wave of REAL SURF TUNES. Then came "Surf Beat '80" and the absolutely definitive surf LP of the 80's, "Jon and the Nightriders Live at the Whiskey A GO-GO."

A change of producers, from Thom Wilson to Shel Talmy (who produced the Who, the Creation, and others in the 60's) has brought a leaner, dryer sound to the new LP "Charge of the Nightriders." Now, here's where it could have gotten sticky. You see, real surf music has a "wet" sound to it provided by spring reverb and band room accoustics. The reduction in the reverb and the cleanliness of the sound on this LP (from which came last year's "Splashback" medley b/w "El Paso," "Baja," "Ready Steady Rock Jetty" — the last three don't appear on the new LP) surprisingly doesn't detract from the authenticity. It's not as powerful as the live LP.

Side one starts off with the title track, a novelty piece I'd just as soon do without; besides, the Evasions did a more interesting version last year. The last track on side one is a weak cover of the Shadows' "Man of Mystery." The Shadows were Cliff Richard's backing band. They produced several solo LPs, one of which was titled "Surfin' with the Shadows," though it had very little to do with the real surf sound. After all, how many surfers could there be in the U.K.? Of course, the Who's Keith Moon was in a surf band before he joined the Who. Anyway, this is not particularly feeling or interesting.

The second track on side two is a high-spirited cover of Dick Dale's "The Wedge." "The Wedge," "Hit Man," "Geronimo" and "Moon Cricket" are the high points of the LP. The last track is a sort of surfed-up cover of "Honky Tonk" that's out of place here.

Anyway, I like Jon and the Nightriders a lot, and this LP will stand up to many listenings in the years to come, right along with the Astronauts' "Surfin" LP, most of Dick Dale's stuff, and many other fine surf beat recordings.

Surf's Up!

—Phil Dirt

Men Lying Around On Couches
"Underpants" LP (Blank Records)

The recent break-up of the Silver Cring, Pennsylvania's infamous trio of scumbags, has led to the formation of what some are calling the "supergroup" of the 80's. Unfortunately, it is doubtful that anyone will ever hear their music.

Cringe drummer Screen, who left the group because they ran out of beer, has gone West and has hooked up with KFJC disc jockey and part-time Cringe songwriter Winston Q to form Men Lying Around On Couches.

"The basic philosophy of the new group," says Screen, "is that work is a disgusting word. We hate it, and we hate anyone who does it."

"People shouldn't work," explains Winston. "People should lie around on couches and drink beer. If everybody did that, there would not be wars. I mean, when you think about it, shooting somebody is really a lot of work."

The duo has written an album's worth of material and at one point nearly entered the studio to record what would have been their first LP, "Underpants." However, it was decided that actually recording the album would have been too much work, so the idea was scrapped in favor of drinking beer.

Though the "Underpants" LP may never be released, fans of Men Lying Around on Coucnes can look forward to seeing the boys during their planned summer tour of local pubs. Most likely the group will drink beer rather than perform.

Screen reports that Men Lying Around On Couches are close to signing a five-year deal with Blank Records which calls for the band to not record ten albums.

"All we need is somebody to sign for us," he says. "Signing it ourselves would be work."

—Winston Q

The Birthday Party (EP)
"Mutiny"

On first listening to this import by the Birthday Party, I was struck by the combination of rather pained vocals with a musical sound which is more abrasive than, but reminiscent of, early Jefferson Airplane or the Seeds. But though the guitars twang and the tambourines echo, recalling young psychedelia, the similarity ends there. This music is not concerned with the relatively minor pains of simple lost or unrequited love as was much of that psychedelic genre of 60's music. This music speaks of darkness, hopelessness and genuine misery, and it does so in such a way as to chill the bones of the attentive listener.

"Mutiny" offers four songs (perhaps "dirges" is more appropriate), each quite distinctive and each dealing with a different type of pain. As it pounds slowly along, drums and tambourine crashing, "Jennifer's Veil" almost has the quality of a death march. This piece evokes a feeling of blackness and mystery which, coupled with the cryptic lyrics, communicates something almost supernatural: "She drew the curtain on her face/Ever since they came and burnt the ol' place down/Why is she searching thru the ashes?/Why, only Jennifer knows that now."

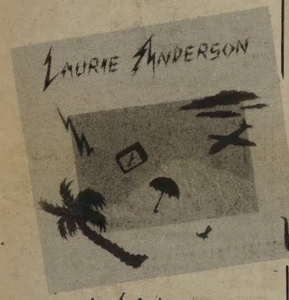
The other three selections on this EP are delivered in a much rougher and less deliberate manner than "Jennifer's Veil." My favorite of all of them is "Mutiny in Heaven," which deals with drug addiction and perverse horrors experienced in a ghetto Catholic church: "If this is Heaven, ah'm bailin out! Ah cain't tolerate this ol' tin-tub/So fulla trash and rats!/Felt one crawl across mah soul/for a seckon there, ah thought ah wassa back down in the ghetto!" Not only do we get the stimulation of vivid, blistering lyrics, but the rhythm of Tracy Pew's incessently repeating bass line rising and falling with the emotions expressed gets pain and desperation across to the listener very clearly. As for the escape from these ghetto horrors: "Well ah tied on . . . perched on mah bed, ah was . . . stickin a needle in mah arm . . . Ah tied off! . . . wings burst out mah back (like ah was cuttin teeth!! Ah took off!!!)." Vocalist Nick Cave delivers these lyrics with such intensity that I could see this poor devil, see the wings begin to protrude and suddenly flap open from his shoulders, and feel the insidious strength he felt as he "bailed out."

B-SIDE ..... OF VINYL LIFE .....

The other two cuts on "Mutiny" are "Swampland" and "Sayaspell." "Swampland" is intriguing at first, as the music offers a fast pace with a background of horrific sounds (muffled screams and moans), a threatening, crawling bass and an impatient thumping drumbeat. But the excessive screaming and gravel-voiced delivery of vocalist Cave turns out to be overkill in this story of a criminal being pursued by bounty hunters through the bog. Again, the words are gems: "They cum wit boots of blood/wit pitchfork and wit club/Chantin' out mah name," but they seem to get lost in the noise. "Sayaspell" offers the best example of the use of Rowland S. Howard's tinny, clear, country-blues flavored guitar. The lyrics on this cut are a bit more engimatic than the others, but the music is interesting and expressive. The vocals are clean, and the beat of drummer Mick Harvey is bluesy and has the rhythmic punch of burlesque.

While resembling some 60's music, "Mutiny" also brings to mind the dirgy sound of "Gonna Rob the Sperm Bank" by Scandinavian band the Ex. "Mutiny" is a pleasing (albeit somewhat macabre) discovery for me. If you are fainthearted, don't bother, but if you like the sounds of the simple tools of rock (bass, drums, guitar) used powerfully, and find expressive, intelligent lyrics a nice prospect, you might want to check out "Mutiny" by the Birthday Party.

—Marlene Hegarty



Laurie Anderson
"Mister Heartbreak"

Two years in the waiting, the second Laurie Anderson LP appears on a major label (Warner Bros.) and is being promoted extensively. Happily, her music has retained its original inventiveness.

The most obvious difference between "Mister Heartbreak" and her first effort, "Big Science" (which contained the single, "O Superman"), is that this work contains collaborations with big names such as Adrian Belew, William Burroughs, Phoebe Snow, Bill Laswell, and Peter Gabriel. This may have been an attempt by the label to market the album, or perhaps, as members of the artistic community, they came together due to their esprit de corps. I'd lay good odds it was a marketing approach.

Big names on an album are great, but "Mister Heartbreak" sounds less like Laurie Anderson than "Big Science." The song "Excellent Birds" by Gabriel and Anderson belongs on Gabriel LP — it doesn't match the style of the rest of the album. Some of the guitar work sounds like it was created for Adrian Belew rather than he being sought out to fill a definite need in the work.

Nevertheless, the album is great. The music still avant garde with peculiar melodies and changing rhythm and texture. Though it becomes somewhat ambient at points, there are no solely instrumental pieces. A large part of the vocals are spoken rather than sung and she makes frequent use of a vocoder and other electronics, but the music doesn't sound electronic. In fact, a mixture of the bowls and bells, woodblocks and whistles, pieces of plywood, bamboo, and various sound effects give the album a diversity of sounds not often found in modern music.

It's hard to classify Laurie Anderson, so let's not. Instead, let's speak of the album, which is set in a tropical paradise on a small island. The songs, "Blue Lagoon," "Kokou," and "Languid d'Amour," refer to the island explicitly, while the others have undertones of jungle sounds, strange birds, and wooden instruments. The title, "Mister Heartbreak," refers to a character named Sharkey whose world we have entered as we listen to the album. The world begins with "Sharkey's Day" and ends after "Sharkey's Night."

Most of the recording for the LP was done in Laurie's home studio in her loft on Canal Street in New York City. Only for the more ambient tracks did she rent out a studio with large, good sounding rooms.

The song that resembles "Big Science" the most is the cut, "Gravity's Angel." Very much like "O Superman," there is a tape loop style track laid beneath the entire song, but instead of a voice, she uses David van Tieghem playing a metal bowl. This cut also contains superb bass work by Bill Laswell and a story dedicated to Thomas Pynchon. The moral of the story is, "The higher you fly, the faster you fall."

Laurie Anderson has risen to great heights very quickly. Let's hope she does not forsake her artistic ability for the sake of selling albums.

—Lou York

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"Eighties" starts out with a promising guitar riff (though it sounds like you've heard it before — a bad sign). The rhythm section kicks in with characteristic fierceness, and Jaz espouses on the difficulties of this modern age, but somehow the song never really takes off. The production is one reason; knob-twiddler Chris Kimsey makes the band sound as if you're hearing them through a wet blanket. The lyrics don't exactly corner the market in cleverness either ("Eighties/I'm living in the eighties/Eighties/I have to push, I have to struggle"). The 12" EP contains three versions of the song (and nothing else — another bad sign; new material hard to come by?) my pick of which is the "Serious Dance Mix" for its better-than-average studio trickery and the prominent bass. There's also a normal version and one called "The Coming Mix," which should have been called "The Pointless Mix," as it serves no purpose whatsoever. Altogether that's 13 minutes and 35 seconds of the same song which, if listened to all the way through, will fulfill one's appetite for hearing the word "eighties" for years to come.

I hope Killing Joke doesn't join the increasingly long list of good bands that have gone irretrievably downhill in the last year or so. I think that to prevent that they should consider a serious rethink of their sound or they may lapse into an aging band's most tempting vice: self-parody. "Eighties" isn't that great, but I'm far from giving up hope yet.

YouthYouth, ex-Killing Joke bass player, currently the nucleus of funk/dirge band Brilliant and general bassist-at-large, has taken a decidely different tack than his old band mates. His latest project is a collaboration with a fellow named Ben Watkins entitled "The Empty Quarter." It is a soundtrack to an English play called "Street Captives," so not surprisingly the music (entirely written and performed by Youth and Watkins, with a little help from friends on cello, oboe, and percussion) is pretty low-key — kind of a cross between Brilliant and Throbbing Gristle. The opening track, "Incompressible Megalasaurians," is probably the most "musical" cut: a moody funk number with distinctively Youthful bass-playing. The remaining seven "songs" are just mood pieces, ranging from quietly pretty to quietly noisy (ala Gristle), but like all good soundtracks, "The Empty Quarter" sounds incomplete without its accompanying visual images. Most effective when listened to late at night in the dark.

I believe that a really special musical chemistry was lost when Youth left Killing Joke, so it's interesting to compare the two elements when they are separated. Killing Joke always had "rockish" tendencies, but Youth added an exotic flavor that gave their music color and distinction. Killing Joke sans Youth is still as strong as ever, but it sounds as if it's more of a struggle for them not to sound "normal." Youth is still a vital experimenter, but he lacks the solid framework that Killing Joke supplied. Ah well, I guess change is what it's all about, isn't it . . .

—Joshua Vox

Green on Red
"Gravity Talks (Slash Records)

Green on Red is one of those L.A. Paisley anti-synth pop bands whose name is legion but whose game is way ahead of the pack. Their music sounds like Byrds without harmonies; Pink Floyd without paranoia; Doors without angst . . . in other words, they take what they love and somehow make it their own. They wear their influences firmly on their sleeve, they rely on more conventions than the Holiday Inn in August, but nevertheless, "Gravity Talks" is a great album — one that completely lacks guile.

Dan Stuart, lead singer and songwriter for the band, is a man who is ultimately concerned with one thing, and one thing only: himself. But unlike the irritating self-concerned stance of artists like, say, Joni Mitchell, or the preachy, worried musings of Jackson Browne, Stuart's ethos is quite often amusing — and sometimes serious, without being maudlin. The bothersome thing about most "socially aware" bands from L.A. is their pretense. They seem so sure that what they are saying is profound. (If you believed the Eagles, for instance, the sins of the fathers could be traced directly to the invention of spike high heels for women.) Green on Red ponders lots of questions, but they don't think that they know the answers — or even that any of their grandiose statements are momentous. They aren't falsely introspective.

"Gravity Talks" does have a few problems, such as overuse of boring Doors-like organ, and the way that almost every song on the first side begins with the same chords and has the same tune. But in general, every track is a good track. It's a mightily consistent album by current standards; and when the music starts to roar and reel around on songs like "Abigail's Ghost," "Deliverance," "Snake Bit" and "Cheap Wine," it's just about impossible not to like them.

Green on Red is a band which sounds very pure of heart — funny, innocent, unconcerned; supremely oblivious to the whims of fashion. The lyrics aren't quite as acidheaded as one might expect, nor is the music as Neil Youngish as it probably wishes it was. Don't be put off by GOR's post-60's retro-hippie image. To paraphrase Bob Dylan: gravity doesn't just talk — it swears!

—Gina Arnold

Captain Sensible
"The Power of Love"

Since the demise of the Soft Boys, Robyn Hitchcock has not been idle. He's put out two great solo LPs and most recently he's put some of his talent into the dubious solo career of Captain Sensible. Through the late 70's, the Captain was chiefly known as the loony lead guitarist of the lamentably unrecognized Damned. His solo LP, "Women and Captains First," was a delightfully giddy showcase of a true talent. Sensible could write and sing great pop songs which benefited from a balance between the Captain's happy-go-lucky guitar and keyboard work and producer Tony Mansfield's tasty synthesizer polish. Hitchcock contributed a co-write and a guitar part to one song and "First" was an all-around fun album for both the listeners and creators.

With the Damned now apparently unable to get so much as a record contract (is there any justice?!?), I was looking forward to any display of talent from the Damned camp. Unfortunately, "The Power of Love" is an apathetic, lifeless affair virtually devoid of the charm, humor or talent that Captain Sensible had proven himself capable of.

The album starts pleasantly enough with his current single, "I'm a Spider," which, while more reminiscent of Earth, Wind, and Fire than the Damned, is still catchy and fun. The album goes downhill from there, sinking into a sticky morass of sickly-sweet synthesizers and terminal overproduction. "Stop the World" still sounds fine, and one or two others (the title track and possibly "Hard To Believe I'm Not") are passable, but overall, "Power" is the vinyl equivalent of a sugar depression.

The problem isn't so much what Sensible did as what he didn't do. The songs, usually co-written with Hitchcock and/or Mansfield and a few remarkable covers, seem like throwaways: hackneyed melodies thrown together with no creativity invested at all. "Thanks for the Night" is even a direct cop of the Damned's own "Ignite," substituting a lame synthetic drum pattern in place of Rat Scabies' deft skin-bashing. The Captain is starting to take himself seriously as a pop crooner too, which is a mistake since his technically adequate vocals lack the emotional depth that could have saved some of this material. The most conspicuous thing missing, however, is the Captain himself. Numerous session musicians appear and Tony Mansfield handles most of the keyboard, guitar and percussion duties, leaving Sensible with "assorted instruments and sing(ing)," making the album Tony Mansfield's as much as, if not more than, Sersible's.

The inner sleeve of "Power of Love" is made up of pictures of the Captain and his recording crew bedecked in tuxedos and evening gowns, cavorting about and having just a grand old time. This time though, the listeners aren't.

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David Roback is now in a new band with Kendra Smith of Dream Syndicate, and the Rain Parade all speak highly of their work. "They'll be great," says Will. "There's room for everybody."

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Despite their fluid, melodic sound and their unfashionable disregard for mylar pants, the Rain Parade have traditional punk rock aspirations. They exemplify the underground, independent movement of bands who are looking to reinstate grass roots values into the reasons behind playing rock'n'roll. Besides being eminently unconcerned with how trendy or popular their music becomes, the Rain Parade exist solely because of their love of music and their commitment to each other as musicians. "The commitment to the people in this band is religious," says Will. "I've never committed this much time to anything before this band."

Success is usually a product of commitment. For the Rain Parade, success is secondary to inspiration. At present, the psychedelic strains of "Third Rail Power Trip" aren't widely known, but the band is less concerned with courting fame and more concerned with their ultimate goals which are "to continue writing and recording good music, and playing it for people," according to Matthew. As for mass popularity, it isn't in the immediate offing. "L.A. eats its young," he adds. "They don't like us there as much as other places." The band finds the idea of conventional rock stardom unappealing. "Matt had a dream about rock'n'roll once," is how Will puts it, "but it was kind of a boring dream."

"We worship our anonymity," he says now. "The idea of being a big success kind of scares me. Some people turn on you. It's show biz, you know — you'd feel like you were in a Nathaneal West novel. Of course, in L.A. you always feel like that anyway."

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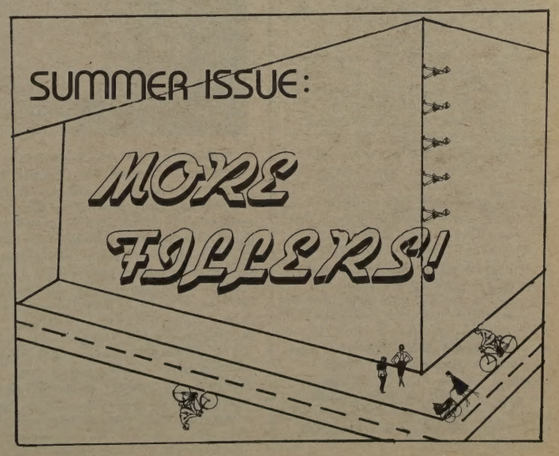

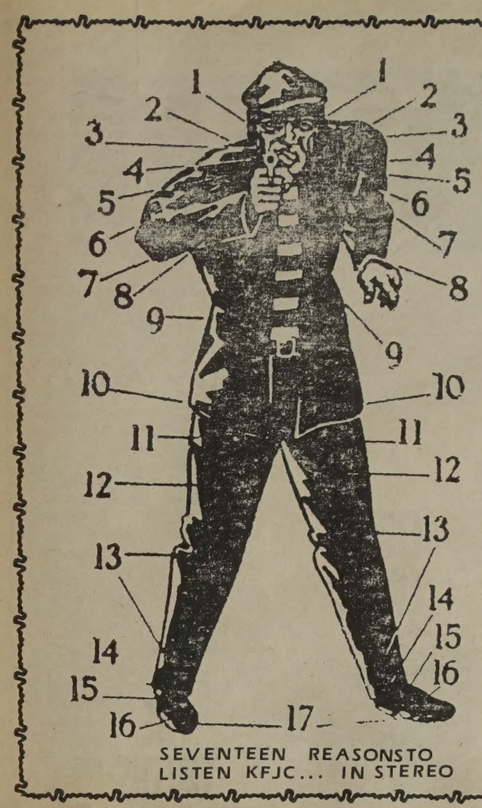

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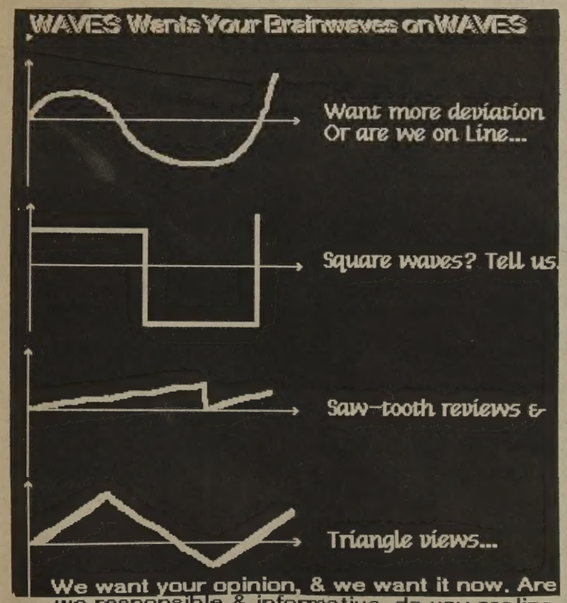

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Hosts: Nip Tuck & Dave Emory

Dr. Feelgood
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Liverpool Lately
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Bauhaus
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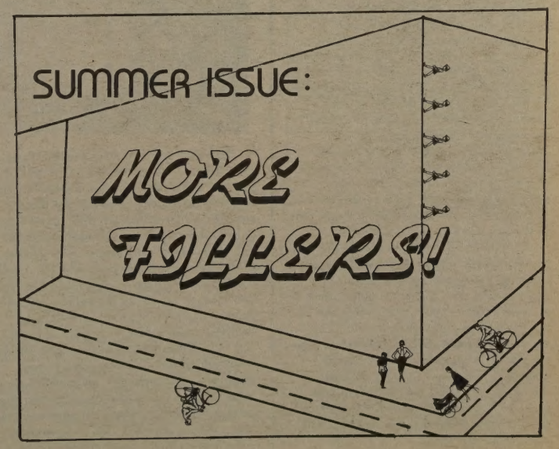

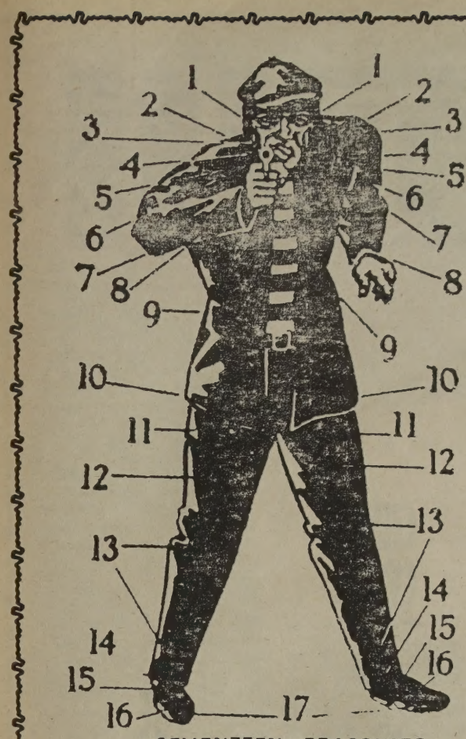

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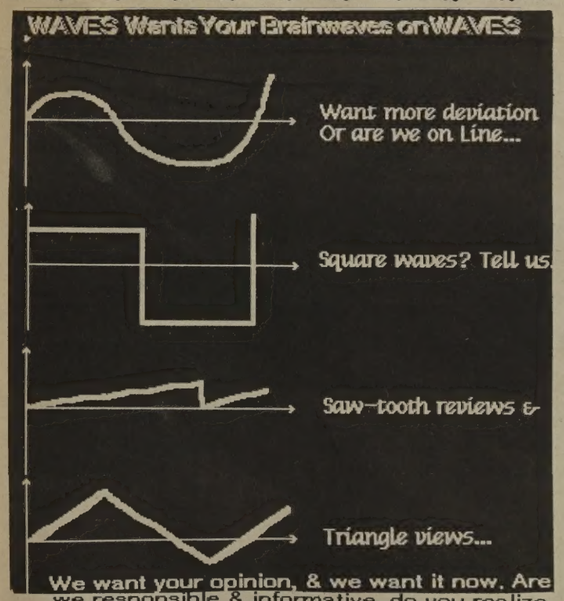

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Uncle Sam & The Swastika
May 27th 6-12 midnite
Hosts: Nip Tuck & Dave Emory

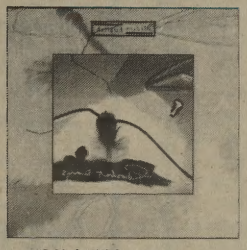
Dr. Feelgood
May 26th 6-10pm
Host: Glen Livit

Liverpool Lately
May 29th 6-midnite
Hosts: Kevin O'Dante, Brian Entropy & Josh Vox

Bauhaus
May 31st 6-10pm
Hosts: Ana Stasia & David Kent

NEXT!!!

MODERN ENGLISH

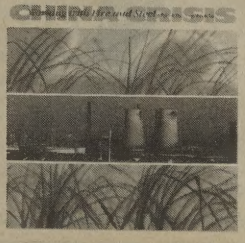


"I Melt With You" was an international hit for Modern English. Expanding an already impressive vocabulary, the band has now given voice to *Ricochet Days*, an album of new material. Two-fisted diplomacy from Sire—"Hands Across The Sea."

KING CRIMSON

Three Of A Perfect Pair completes the trilogy begun with *Discipline* and continued by *Beat*. Adrian Belew, Robert Fripp, Tony Levin and Bill Bruford are King Crimson; "Sleepless" is the first single from the Warner/E.G. album.

CHINA CRISIS



Working With Fire And Steel (Possible Pop Songs Volume Two) nicely juxtaposes the tools and the genre of China Crisis' Warner/Virgin debut. Grand pianos, oboes and cellos coexist with synthesizers, basses, guitars and the like on a fast-breaking club favorite.

THE STYLE COUNCIL

Paul Weller, ex-Jam frontman, and Mick Talbot, ex-Dexy's Midnight Runner, populate The Style Council. The music is personal, upbeat and varied; the Geffen debut album is *My Ever Changing Moods*.

The Crawl's enlightened pop sensibility earned them four Top 5 records and a No. 1 EP in their native Australia. Now Geffen has assembled the sextet's best tunes on *Semantics*, a hopping primer from the Outback.

THE SMITHS

Voted "Best New Act" by the readers of *New Musical Express*, The Smiths are on a single-handed crusade to bring intelligence, optimism and flowers back to the world of music. And they're succeeding. *The Smiths*—on Sire.

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